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Week of January 4, 1942



The Famous Tutankhamen in His Chariot Shooting Down a Dozen Or So Fierce African Lions With His Bow and Arrow, While Behind Him Are Fan-Bearers, Soldiers and Courtiers in Chariots.
Paintings on This Page From "Ancient Egyptian Paintings," Published by the University of Chicago Press.

A Pharaoh Goes Hunting

**Our Old Friend Tutankhamen Certainly
Brings Distress to Those Lions While
Tuthmosis Causes Great Mortality
Among the Marsh Birds**



The Pharaoh Tuthmosis Hunting Geese and Wagtails in the Nile Marshes, With Three Herons as Decoys and a Cat to Help Him Out.

WE are now able to study and understand every activity of an ancient Pharaoh's life. Today we see just how a Pharaoh went hunting, which he did very often.

The principal picture on this page shows no less a person than the Pharaoh Tutankhamen who has aroused perhaps more interest in modern times than any ruler of ancient Egypt because his is the only unviolated tomb of a Pharaoh ever discovered. Here we see Tutankhamen hunting lions, and what a wonderful job he makes of it. This picture was found on the curved lid of a casket in Tutankhamen's tomb. Tutankhamen reigned from 1358 to 1350 B. C. and died when he was still a youth after little more than eight years on the throne. But the artist represents him driving his chariot fearlessly into a pack of hungry roaring lions. Tutankhamen shoots his big arrows straight into them with deadly effect. The consternation of the beasts at the marksmanship of the royal hunter is complete. They roar and howl and writhe in their death agonies.

The artist uses his brush with admirable skill, no doubt inspired by regard for the hunter's rank. Behind Tutankhamen come Nubian fan-bearers, an escort of soldiers, and courtiers in chariots all painted small out of respect for the Pharaoh, while vultures looking for dead lions circle overhead.

In the Pharaoh's chariot are three large quiverfuls of arrows each destined to find its mark in a hapless lion. The monarch of the desert stands no chance against the monarch of the palace.

Another tomb picture shows the Pharaoh Tuthmosis making havoc among the birds of the marshes. He is painted standing on a wooden plank that has been laid across his light skiff of papyrus. This presses back the lotuses and the water-weeds as it pushes on into the marshes. Besides the commoner type of lotus is seen clearly the pink-tipped variety so much more rarely depicted. His little nude daughter with side-lock gold earrings and gold collar accompanies him and holds her royal paps by the iys.

Behind the Pharaoh stands his lovely wife in festive attire (shown here in a separate picture on the right), the cone of royal urtulent on her head and carrying the astringent or rattle and the counterpoise, both of them symbols of Hathor, the goddess of love, and of festive occasions, in one of her hands.

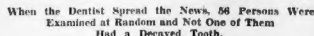
The Pharaoh is about to launch a serpent-headed throw-stick, not shown in detail of painting reproduced here, at the covey of birds. Three herons are shown as decoys. The large fat cat which sits precariously on a few papyrus stems and has captured no less than three birds, is a masterpiece of ancient Egyptian art. The cat was revered by the Egyptians and the Pharaohs were pleased to be portrayed with it.

The birds are all ready to fall to the royal hunter. They know he will get them. Besides pin-tail ducks we see geese, a wheatear and a pair of wagtails. Nests with eggs rest upon the papyrus-heads, and the cheerfulness of the scene is enhanced by the delicately drawn butterflies.

The inscription above the scene on the original reads: "Taking recreation, seeking pleasant things, and occupying himself with the craft of the Marsh-Goddess, by him praised of the Lady of Sport, even by the Scribe who keeps account of the grain."



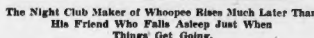
The Queen, Carrying Her Sistrum and Other Ornaments, Watching His Majesty as He Makes Havoc Among the Birds.



THE discovery that a little town in Texas was immune to ordinary tooth decay recently amazed the American Dental Association and the town of Hereford, in Deaf Smith County, population 3,000 is making dental history. Scientists are now seeking the answer to its distinction as the Town Without a Toothache.

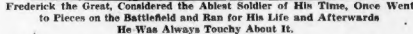
The county is named after a famous Texas scout who could not hear. More than 100 years ago he cut away the bridge that would have permitted Santa Anna's men to escape at the Battle of San Jacinto, so that they were trapped around a bend of the San Jacinto River and killed.

The U. S. Public Health Service is now checking Dr. Taylor's findings in Deaf Smith County.



The "One way to develop a sound routine for workers where physiology is taken into account is to do it with the understanding and cooperation of the men themselves not just by changing shifts every few days. It is important that some people who cannot work well in the morning up until later and that all people require periods in which they can gradually adjust their bodies from a day time to a night time schedule and vice versa."

And in a series of tests Dr. Kleitman found that in general there was the least mental agility early in the morning, the best in the middle of the day, although "night owls" made the best marks late at night. The body temperature always corresponded with the performance curve.



Finally he reached the hilltop struggle to discover that the Confederates had been defeated. Then a great light broke. "It occurred to me that they were just as much afraid of me as I was of them. It is a lesson which I never forgot."

Dr. Bond has drawn up ten points which he thinks show whether a person is growing up or then ten normal characteristics:

- 1—Dependence on the ability to stand on one's feet and to stop on other people's toes.
- 2—To love somebody else unselfishly to have some vivid interest in somebody's else life, to cooperate with friends.
- 3—The ability to be moderate in mood, not to get more excited than the occasion warrants or throw temper tantrums.
- 4—Facing problems honestly.
- 5—The ability to plan for the future, and plan for tomorrow as well as for important things today.
- 6—The ability to



commented Dr. Bond, "that man was acting like a child of five."

A mother, who gets into a temper because her baby pushes away his cereal in the morning instead of trying to find out why the infant does not want the food is showing that while she may be a good business woman, her flare-ups make her, in one respect, only six years old.

What Happened to the Grieving Widow of Prince Mdivani That Made Her Suddenly Desert the Heart-Shaped Flower Bed She Planted by His Tomb and Turn Up at a New York Nightclub, to Dance the Rhumba Without Her Shoes?

YOU could have knocked Mayfair over with a Blue Book recently when the aristocratic beauty Louise Van Alen, widow of two fabulous Mdivanis and for five years a recluse from romance, threw off the mantle of sorrow and stepped nimbly into a world of fun and frivolity in New York's most gilded Cafe-Society joint, the Stork Club and tripping the rhumba in her bare feet.

The patrician Louise, whose ancestors include the socially rock-ribbed Astors, Posts, Trumbulls and Schermerhorns, couldn't have picked a better place to renounce her renunciation of the gay life and to tell the world she no longer was intent solely on communing with her Ghost Prince, Serge Mdivani.

In less time than it takes to spell "Cholly Knickerbocker," Park Avenue and Newport were buzzing with news of her hi-jinks. Shell-like ears perked and gem-studded lorgnettes were raised at the incredible report that Louise had doffed the veil—had emerged from her spiritual cocoon and was ready to pick up the thread of her life where it was broken off in March, 1936, with the tragic death of her noble mate, Prince Serge, on the polo field.

To such super-sophisticates as Princess Diane Eristavi, Rita Hayworth and Linda Darnell, movie queens, and Peter Arno who were among those present at Senator Billingsley's Bolto, the incident evoked incredulity and amazed queries.

No sooner had Princess Louise made her exit from the Stork on the arm of genial Jean Dupuy, French refugee whose sister is the Princess Guy de Polignac and who is the co-sibby of Dorothy Spockles, sugar heiress, they the Bistrot Nostradamuses began peering into their crystal balls and offering their conjectures on the amazing turn of affairs. She was no longer carrying the spiritual torch for Serge. She was.

She had been advised by the spirit of Serge to seek happiness in the mortal world.

Spirits? Heck, no. She just wanted a little spirited entertainment for a change.

She was fed up with self-exile and was going to set herself with a round of revelry.

This was just an emotional "binge."

This was the beginning of an "era of escape" from the sorrow of irrefragable love.

So conjecture went, back and forth like a shuttlecock. To this observer of the antics of Caffeine Society, it is noteworthy to point out that, even the most discerning eventually seek the emotional hypo of the Bright Lights when time dims the flame of lost love.

The only thing to do is settle back in the ringed seat, await the future of events and watch the unfolding of the history of Princess Louise Van Alen Mdivani.

Louise's story to date is paradoxical. For the very seclusion sought this past half-decade in her own private wing in the Newport villa of her mother, Mrs. James Laurens Van Alen, only added to the aura of mysticism and turned the full glare of the spotlight upon her.

It was common talk, much speculated about by sob sisters and Mayfair scribbles, that Louise kept purported nightly trysts with the spirit of her departed Prince Serge.

In truth, Louise did spend much time in an eerie setting. She'd sit for hours in the small room of a stable that housed her band's favorite polo pony. The only furniture there was a table and two chairs. She'd sit and face the empty chair.

From wrath to the writhe of the rhumba seems a great gap.

But Louise bridged it nonchalantly with her torso tossing at the New York night club. It seemed she had been making nightly tours of the Tinseltown Artery, rather than communions with the Great Beyond. For her rhumba technique was anything but rusty.

Her former intimates, however, insist it is the first time they've seen the socialite in a fun fling since Serge was dashed to death under the hooves of his pony in a spectacular spill at Delray, Florida.

Handsome and dashing, Serge, a Prince of the Russian province of Georgia before the blood-bath of the Bolshevik revolution, was the second Mdivani to win the heart of the attractive blue-blooded... and to die in sudden and terrible manner.

Six months before Prince Serge was killed on the polo field, his younger brother, Alexis, who had been the first husband of Louise, met his death in an automobile accident in Spain.

His first affair—Mdivani was a schoolgirl infatuation, Louise, who attended the best

Prince Serge Mdivani and Louise, Just After Their Marriage, Going Aboard the Honeycomb Yacht, Neither Dreaming of the Tragedy That Was to Break Louise's Heart.

schools on the Continent, met Alexis in Europe and when he came to America romance blossomed. Two years after her electric sign-debut in 1929, she married the young Mdivani.

But the marital baroque of Louise and Alexis struck a reef within a year. Before she divorced him at The Hague on the grounds of incompatibility, it was reported in Biarritz that the good-looking Georgian had been captivated by the charms of Barbara Hutton, five and dime heiress, whose marriages and divorces and reputed romances with film heroes and glamorous boys have furnished front page headlines for years.

When Alexis was free he wed Barbara after a courtship which extended almost around the world. It was unsuccessful as his marriage to Louise and Barbara promptly shook him loose. Then she wed Count Revettow Hauswitz, Danish nobleman. That union was also a failure and Barbara divorced him after sensational accusations. Alexis didn't remarry, although his name was linked with several European beauties.



Imagine the Astonishment of the Stork Club's Notable Guests When the Lady With Refractive Jean Dupuy Took Off Her Shoes and Did a Bollicking Rhumba on the Dance Floor. She Was Recognized (And Photographed) as the Hitherto Broken-Hearted Heiress Louise Astor Van Alen Mdivani.



So Constant Were Louise's Visits to the Heart-Shaped Flower Bed Beside Serge's Tomb in Berkeley Cemetery, Newport, That News Photographers Waited to Snap Such Pictures as This, of the Grieving Heiress, Carrying Flowers to His Last Resting Place.

Newport got the surprise of its fashionable life when rumors that Louise would marry Serge Mdivani, her first husband's brother, reached Bailey's Beach. Serge had been married to Pola Negri, exotic movie queen and Mary McCormack, grand opera star.

The report seemed too fantastic for aristocratic Newport ears. Louise, whose great grandmother was the social arbiter (and a stickler for propriety) of New York and Newport, Mrs. William Astor, set the lorgnette circle agog by shattering time-honored bridal tradition in her

Strange Healing of Heiress Van Alen's Broken Heart



What Healed Her Heart? The Princess Louise Whose Mourning for Her Husband Ended With Her Surprising Dance in New York's Gay Rendezvous—At Right Donald Arden, Popular Stag, Who Recognized Louise After Her Long Absence From the Night Spots.

marital march with Serge at Palm Beach in February, 1936. It was unheard of for a divorcée, whose former husband had been killed only a few months previously to march to the altar garbed in virginal white satin, a tulle veil and carrying a bouquet of orange blossoms.

Only about a month later at Delray, Florida, the athletic Prince, playing No. 1 position with his "Georgians" polo team, was seeking the coveted South-eastern Polo Championship. When his team was trailing by two points, Serge raced his pony in front of Cecil Smith and swung his mallet in a desperate effort to drive a goal. With a sickening thud, the ponies collided head on and Mdivani rolled under his mount. Apparently he wasn't hurt seriously as he was able to get on his feet. But just as he seemed out of danger, the pony lashed out with both hindfeet, crushing skull.

Louise was so grief-stricken, friends and family feared for her health.

Princess Louise, who hadn't heeded to tradition in her marriage ceremony, adopted the rigid black of the grieving widow and dedicated her life in devotion to his memory. She erected an impressive \$20,000 mausoleum, supervised the planting of a heart-shaped flower bed and visited the tomb daily to tenderly lay down flowers.

Then she pulled herself into a spiritual shell of mourning, shutting all of the former friends who would have been able to console her in her grief.

In her eerie stable cloister and her bizarre fancied communions with Serge, Louise marked an amazing parallel to the mournful vigil of the Prince's first wife, Pola Negri. The gorgeous Pola, who was engaged to romantic Rudolf Valentino, secluded herself after the celluloid idol's death and vowed eternal devotion and everlasting mourning.

If the precedent set by Pola is an indication, Louise, too, may shake the morbid fascination of lonely anguish. For Pola gave up her rendezvous with the spiritual for more

material interests in a seemingly unending list of romantic conquests.

Heiress Louise's, whose travails have been anything but financial, inherited the bulk of the estates of both Alexis and Serge, despite the fact that Louise divorced Alexis and left him free to wed Barbara Hutton.

Serge was named in Alexis' will as recipient of most of his fortune, which included ample gifts from Barbara, the five and dime heiress. When Serge's last will and testament were revealed, it was found that his third helpmate, Louise, was to get the major share.

Although the careers of the Marrying Mdivanis were devoted primarily to matrimony and good living, their first years in America were not spent as pampered darlings of the giddy set.

The Princeling Horatio Alger's of Matrimony, in their record shattering leap to love and luxury, reversed the age-old sagas of poor girls meeting rich blue-bloods.

From such prosaic beginnings as washing dishes and serving tables for their education at Andover, Serge graduated to the oil fields of Texas, where he exhibited an excellent skill as pipe layer and trouble shooter. David turned to New England as a farm hand.

The first of the Mdivanis to reap the rewards of a romantic talent was David who wooed, won and shared the fortune of Mae Murray, first of the cinema glamour queens. In hearty succession, Serge captured the affection of La Negri and Alexis enchanted Louise Van Alen.

Now that Louise has finally broken away from the liltless bereavement of a lonely soul, it will be interesting to watch for additional indications that she's on the trail again to rock Mayfair back on its collective heels.

The fact that she selected the most famous of New York's night clubs to embark on a public spectacle of rhumba shenanigans is indication enough that Louise is preparing to shock society—and, at the same time, shock herself out of sorrow.

Boniface Sherman Billingsley long has been known as a gent who demands decorum at any odds. For less spectacular stunts than dancing around in one's slipperless toedies have young ladies and ladies of the Giddy Set been relegated to the Siberia of other bistroes who requested never to darken the door (or the bar) of the Stork again.

If Louise's brief fling was meant to serve notice that she was back in the gay swing again, she succeeded admirably.

The incident-Stork seems to revolve around one salient point: Louise is more than anxious to impress upon one and all that she is writing a new and happier chapter in the saga of a poor little rich Princess.

Perhaps she is grappling in physical vein for the happiness that slipped by her—or maybe it's just another mask to cover the loneliness that still grips her.

VERY HARD WORK, ISN'T IT, TO STAY BEAUTIFUL?

This Comely Young Woman Is Not Preparing to Play the Role of Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin—She Is Getting Ready for Bed and Her Beauty Rest by Smearing Her Pretty Face With Anti-Blemish Cream Which Will Do Its Work While She Sleeps.

No Wonder Some of Our Pretty Girls Are So Tired When Bed-time Comes



All Blacked Up and Padded Over Both Eyes the Beauty Seeker Gropes Her Way to Bed Looking a Little Like a Visitor From Another Planet.

Her Next Move Is to Place Soft Pads of Cotton Soaked in Cooling Witch Hazel Over Her Eyes and to Tie a Towel About Her Pretty Head.

sitor to an establishment dedicated to the beautification of the gentler sex would see a dozen kinds of baths—chemical baths, electric light baths, and baths, foam baths. He would come upon batteries of machines for rolling unwanted pounds of fat—and more face masks than he could remember.

The woman who is wise in the ways of beauty knows all about these gadgets even though she may not have the time, or the inclination, to avail herself of the supposed benefits of all of them. She does know the newest and best ways of taking care of her complexion, her hair, her eyes; what creams to use and when to use them; how to be fastidious about such details as her fingernails and her toenails—and she knows that keeping up to snuff in her physical appearance takes much more time and trouble than the average husband ever believes necessary.

is covering one eye with a pad of cotton soaked in soothing witch hazel. The photograph just below this one shows Miss Reilly with both eyes padded, more or less happily groping her way to bed—confident that good looks are worth all this temporary and private disfigurement and the time it takes.

Theatergoers and movie fans sometimes marvel at the great number of young and pretty girls who dance behind the footlights and before the camera. They wonder where the producers and casting directors corral so much comeliness of face and figure.

These admirers of youthful good looks seldom appreciate how much time and money these girls spend on keeping and enhancing the physical charms with which it was their good luck to be born. These brighteners of the stage and the screen work hard to stay beautiful.

So do thousands of maids and matrons who never have been in show business and who do not aspire to crash the gates of Hollywood or the stage doors of Broadway. They may not black up like an end man in a minstrel show before they turn in for the night. But they do avail themselves of many of the creams, lotions and unguents that Science and Industry has evolved in the interests of feminine good looks and of the multiplicity of mechanical gadgets that serve the same esthetic end.

Any mere man let loose in a big city beauty salon with all the latest contraptions for gilding the lily would be mystified by the machinery before his eyes and might leave the place convinced that staying beautiful in these fast-moving times surely is a major undertaking.

Among other things the amazed vi-

public and private appearances.

In the case of maids and matrons who put in a great deal of time in beautifying themselves in the privacy of their boudoirs, or having the job done for them by professionals using the most up-to-date gadgets for gilding the lily, there may be something in what the men say. But, on the other hand, husbands, fathers, brothers and boy friends may not appreciate that staying comely three days is no simple matter.

Take the young woman shown in the photographs on this page, as a case in point. Her name is Elizabeth Reilly and it is her job to entertain the customers in one of New York City's better night clubs. Miss Reilly's duty to her employer, to the customers and to herself is to look as fresh and charming and pleasant as she can.

That's why she goes through the seemingly elaborate antics shown in the photographs on this page when her night's work is done and the time comes for her to knit up the raveled sleeve of care, as Shakespeare put it. In the big picture, the entertainer is smearing her face with a night blemish cream which is said to soften the skin and erase any little marks which might mar the smooth texture of her epidermis.

In the photograph at the upper right that chore makes the young woman look like an amateur imitation of Topsy. She has carefully wrapped a towel around her chin to keep the night cream off the bedclothes—and

MAYBE it's because men just don't understand such things, but it seems to most members of the so-called stronger sex that women from the age of 16 to 60 make a great and highly complicated fuss about looking their prettiest.

It just doesn't seem to the men folks that so much time, trouble and expense is necessary to keep the feminine face and figure in proper shape for

Now You Can See Through The Whole Thing

MANY a home in this country has gone ultra-modern with furniture and ornaments fashioned of crystalline plastic. People are beginning to get used to tables and chairs that gleam and glisten and are much more transparent than the personalities of the people who use these up-to-date gadgets.

But it remained for one Clemens Scheuer, of New York City, to turn out a boat that is as modern as anything afloat. The little craft—a small dinghy—looks as though it might vanish into thin air or just melt into the water. But it's a surprisingly stout craft despite its transparency and can comfortably accommodate three people.

The material of which this ghostly rowboat is made is Lucite and students of the American Scene who keep up with scientific and industrial progress say that we are going to see a lot more of this glass-like substance during the next few years.

Besides going into furniture and boats it has a hundred possible uses in the manufacture of planes, automobiles and accessories for the home and the office.

The feminine passengers in the boat you can see through said they felt as much in the water as out of it—but they soon got used to the sensation and liked it.



Some People Might Feel a Little Uneasy in This Transparent Rowboat Recently Built by Clemens Scheuer, of New York City, but the Designer Says It Is Perfectly Safe for All Its Ghostly Appearance. The Craft Is Fashioned of Transparent Lucite.

Have Dictators Always Been Superstitious?

HISTORY seems to show that all dictators are superstitious, and science guesses that this trait has something to do with the glands. The same chemical combination that will make a man to rule his fellows with an iron hand is said to make them credulous and the victims of fakers.

Although Caesar pretended to scorn the idea of March he frequently consulted fortune tellers. The history books say. He was so afraid of black things that he even changed the standard of one of his legions because it was more than half black. Officers who wore black cloaks—the accepted thing—fell into his disfavor and he himself wore white ones. He avoided red-headed women, though many historians claim that Caesar himself was a red-head, and his friend Cleopatra was another. Red-headed women, he believed, brought bad luck.

Napoleon was a Kublai Khan, who created a new empire for his family in China and left behind one of the most romantic heritages of history, was a hard-boiled dictator, though often a wise one. Like his brother dictators Kublai had his superstitions. Principally he was afraid of old things, whether men, beasts or pieces of furniture.

He killed his horses when they passed their sixth year and exiled all servants and ministers over sixty.

another superstitious chap. He avoided mirrors for fear one might break while he was about and bring him years of hard luck. Black cats worried him, but he enjoyed the company of red-headed women. He, however, believed that it was the blondes who were bad for a man and used to caution his officers against them. His Polish girl friend was a blonde, nonetheless.

Peter The Great likewise feared black cats and also winged things. There is the tale that one of his officers suggested a scheme to build a flying machine that might have enabled him to conquer Europe and Asia. Peter was so annoyed that he had the officer killed that same night and the world had to wait three centuries longer for death from the air. Thin-skinned was given him the chills and all of his 29 different mistresses and some hundred occasional lady friends, were on the fly side. One, judging by an old French L, easily weighed over 250 pounds.

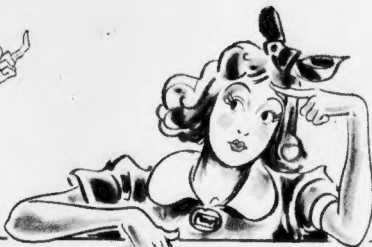
He killed his horses when they passed their sixth year and exiled all servants and ministers over sixty. A fortune teller once warned him

against blue-eyed white men. Practically all the white men who came to his court were blue-eyed. The Khan was polite but brushed them off fast—then there arrived the black-eyed Poles. Marco's eyes were blackened of all and he won more favor than any white man in Cathay for the next 400 years.

Still another superstitious dictator was Ivan the Terrible of Russia. Ivan couldn't bear cripples and often put them out of their misery—personally. He hated the sunshine and used to hide indoors on bright days. Ivan even tried a few edicts against the sun but it shone whenever it saw fit.

The color he feared most was yellow and he wouldn't permit anyone wearing yellow near him. He once killed a Turkish ambassador who forgot and showed up in a suit of bright yellow. Ivan was also afraid of young things like babies, cats and kittens and people hastened to keep these out of his range when he approached.

The world has heard enough stories about the superstitions of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin to fill a big library. Hitler, it is said, makes no major move without first consulting his astrologers. Mussolini spends hours behind closed doors telling his own fortune with gypsy playing cards. Stalin is said to be afraid of Fridays and Saturdays—and Russia was invaded by Hitler on a Saturday noon, the Nazi troops beginning their movement on Friday, which Hitler believes is his lucky day.



Peggy's Problem: A Generous Allowance From Mama; Cars, Furs, Charge Accounts and Plenty of Time to Enjoy Herself. Or—A Gamble in the Theatre She Loves. Hard Work, Small Pay, and Her Own Living to Make. Which Would You Choose?

Inez Robb Tells About the Deal Mama Conrad Made With Her Daughter to Keep Her Home—And Why Pretty Peggy Is Calling It Off to Gamble on a Career Rather Than Remain a Pampered Pet

By INEZ ROBB

THE late Mr. Oscar Wilde, a literary gentleman of considerable foresight, once remarked that nature imitates art. Wilde, alas, was born thirty years too soon. If he were alive today he would probably correct that observation to read "nature imitates the movies."

Now having established the literary tone of this opus, your reporter will proceed to the story of our heroine, 19-year-old Peggy Conrad, about whose real life story the scent of the cinema clings like a barnacle to a binnacle or something like that.

What does it matter if Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Deanna Durbin—to name but a few—have heretofore been cast in the movie version?

Our baby Peggy has the real life part this time and it is a pippin. It always has been a pippin—the story of a rich young girl, beautiful of course, who gives up everything, money, home, family, social position, to pursue a career which is frowned upon by her proud parents.

It's a plot that has been a favorite with young and old alike ever since it replaced the older plot about the gal who gives up everything for love.

So here goes for the real life story of Peggy. She's not exactly a million dollar baby from a five and ten cent store.

But don't sneer, boys! Peggy is a half a million dollar baby from the chorus line-up. Or she will be when she's twenty-one if she has a job.

When Peggy quit my office just before I headed for London on the Yankee Clipper for Lisbon and England, she was headed for Broadway and the theatrical agencies and producers.

But if Peggy pursues this determination to continue with her theatrical career—and when she left my office she looked just about as determined as slap-happy Harold Ickes in the newspapers—it will cost her a luxurious home, a thousand amuckers each month, cash on the barrel head, as many other rights and privileges which up to now have been granted to her by her ma.

If Peggy continues to defy the maternal authority and pursue a stage career, her mother is fully determined to cut her off with only a diamond ring, mink coat, skunk coat, white wolf coat, silver fox jacket, silver fox cape, ermine cape, thirty five daytime dresses, twenty five evening dresses with matching shoes, hats and accessories.

In brief, her mother Mrs. George Arnold will instantly cut off the thousand dollars a month allowance which she has been giving her daughter on the condition that she give up any and all ideas of going on the stage, dancing in night clubs, or performing in burlesques no matter how fashionable they may be.

But since Peggy has more than one hundred pairs of shoes it seems unlikely that she'll be on her uppers for at least a few weeks since she has so many lowers.

Now having gotten that run out of my system, let's hark back to Peggy who says with simple dignity:

"I don't think that money can buy everything. All I want is just enough to live on. I am not really stagger-rich. I do not really know what I want to do except that I want to work—then decide."

But the only kind of work that Peggy has ever done has been on the stage despite vigorous parental opposition, monetary bribes and an assured social position in the fashionable younger set of Long Island, a pleasant, affluent, but none too swank New York suburb, due perhaps to get the most bombastic when and if.

The reason this tall, slim and attractive girl at nineteen years of age has already been on and off the stage for the better part of



\$1,000 a Month to Stay Off the Stage

Peggy Conrad, Who Used a Lot of the Money Mama Gave Her to Join "Newspaper" for Struggling Show People, and to Supply Them with Money for Food.



Peggy's \$1,000 a Month Seldom Lasted Very Long, Because, as She Admits, She Was a Sucker for Touches by Indigent Chorus Boys and Girls.

four years is a lesson and warning to all parents.

When Peggy, an only child, was four years old, her doting parents took a good hard look at their offspring and made a startling discovery.

Yes, there could be no doubt of it! Peggy was bowlegged!

The family physician who was immediately called into consultation suggested that the youngster take a course in dancing in order to strengthen her frail, outboard stems.

The dancing lessons fixed up all Peggy's leg trouble, right enough, but they were the cause of inflicting upon her mother and upon her father now deceased, a lot of trouble that they never courted because to their despair, their only chick managed to wangle her way into a troupe of Albertina Rasch girls.

At the tender age of fifteen.

She got herself a job dancing in a Broadway musical "Stars in Your Eyes."

When Peggy brought back the glad tidings to the little old shack of eleven rooms,

five masters bedrooms and, of course, five baths, in Freeport, Long Island, you'd have thought she brought home the smallpox. Anyway, that's what she told me.

Her mummy and daddy hit the ceiling so hard that the village plasterer had a considerable repair job on his hands next morning.

"They weren't interested in my career," Peggy with the dark brown curly hair and big blue eyes said sadly. "They didn't seem to appreciate it when a certain glamorous dancer who'd remain nameless but who had been associated with Pavlova went to them and begged them to let me continue my dancing lessons because I had so much talent."

"Just like in the movies, ain't it?"

However, Peggy's daddy who was an important executive in a rubber company and her pretty mother who had once been a fashion model, talked it over and decided to let her rough it on Broadway until she got sick and tired of it and quit.

They thought that a taste of the other side of life would soon send their child fleeing back to her comfortable home and her own personal maid, car and chauffeur.

But they didn't know their Peggy—our little trouper!

For two years she played on Broadway, and toured on the road with "Stars in Your Eyes" and "Yokel Boy."

"Of course I only earned \$45 a week,"

Peggy explains, prettily.

It is plain to see that Peggy, instead of sickening of theatrical life grew more and more enamored of it. The beautiful ballerina, Zorina, became her model and one and only ideal.

At her mummy and daddy soon learned, you can take the girl out of the chorus but you can't take the chorus out of the girl, because no matter what inducements they offered her for going back to a quiet home life, nothing ever really satisfied her but the Broadway circuit.

There's no place like home.

Peggy knew it and that's that!

What she wanted was a life of her own. She wanted it so much that when the manager of the College Barn Roadhouse in Massapequa, Long Island, asked her to dance there, she jumped at the chance. When the manager asked her to "front for the band," that is to swing the baton, she jumped at that opportunity too. But on one condition.

"Not unless I am the boss," Peggy told the manager who was too astounded to protest. So in this way, Peggy acquired a thirteen piece all male band before she was quite eighteen.

"I managed all right," she says, about that experience. "Everything, that is, except the music."

Evidently the music or something else went a little sour at a later interval because Peggy had a nervous breakdown. It may have been because she put two thousand dollars into the band venture.

For this sum she only got back a hundred dollars. Even on Broadway, this figured no percentage on her investment as far as she could see.

Then about fifteen months ago, Peggy's indulgent father died suddenly and unexpectedly, leaving her a mother filled with the determination to make Peggy give up the stage. He also left her a legacy of \$500,000

atrical big shots who either have money for a meal or the ability to muscle in and mooch on the affluent who have. Poor man's Sardis is the basement of Walgreen's drugstore on 44th street and the Main Street.

There, hopeful kids looking for theatrical jobs hang out. They linger over coffee, even sandwiches if they're in the dough.

Peggy is sometimes called the "Angel from Walgreen's" because it didn't take her young theatrical hopefuls long to spot the expensive mink coat on our heroine's slim form or the diamond ring adorning her pinkie.

Peggy not only stalked them to lunchees, but also started a mimeograph newspaper which gave them the latest news about plays that were being cast.

This brings another thing that Peggy's mother has against the theatre namely, the amount of money that Peggy has loaned to her fortunate confederates during the past three years. Peggy airily estimates these loans at about three thousand dollars.

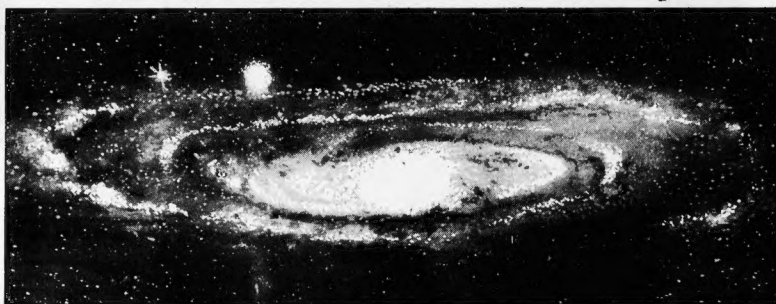
So if Peggy really lands another chorus job both mummy and daddy's theatrical colleagues at Walgreen's are going to be awfully, awfully disappointed, if for opposite reasons. The Walgreen crowd think that Peggy ought to make the supreme sacrifice and go home to mummy who then undoubtedly will continue to provide her with ample funds for their sinner's needs and quick touches. But not Peggy!

She's wise to them now, or so she says. "I really don't know why mother doesn't want me to go on the stage," Peggy says, contemplatively. "I guess it's mainly because she doesn't want me to marry anyone connected with the stage."



A Near Collision of Our Sun With a Passing Star (C) Set Up Great Gravitational Tides That Pulled Matter Off the Sun. The Solar Matter (B) Rushed On Off Into Space While Material From (A) Was Held Close to the Sun and, When Solidified, Became the Earth and the Other Planets.

Maybe MANY More Worlds Like Ours Than Science Ever Thought



The Great Nebula of Andromeda, as Seen at the Yerkes Observatory at the University of Chicago, Is a Fair Equal to the Flat Watch-Shaped Star Galaxy Which Contains Our Sun and Earth.

Based on New Calculations by Professor Gamow, Famous Physicist, Astronomers Now Have Reason to Believe That When the Universe Was Made, Planets Almost Identical With Ours Developed, and May Be Supporting Living Creatures—But Perhaps We Might Not Think Them Human

Nobody Can Say What Life Might Be Like on Other Worlds, Says Professor Gamow, and Here Is One Conception From the Fabulous Book "Eldorado" by John Uri Lloyd Printed in 1895.

LAST week The American Weekly told the fascinating 4,000-year-old story of the world's creation as deciphered from ancient Sumerian clay tablets by Dr. Samuel N. Kramer, research associate of the University of Pennsylvania. That important article presented the oldest known attempt of man to reason out from whence he came.

This week The American Weekly is happy to present the newest and latest attempt of the mind of man to answer this same, vital and ever-present question of creation. Professor George Gamow needs no introduction to the readers of The American Weekly. . . . nor to the world of science itself.—Robert D. Potter, Science Editor, The American Weekly.

By DR. GEORGE GAMOW,

Professor of Theoretical Physics, George Washington University.

By studying stars at the outer limits of space and by probing into the workings of tiny atoms that nobody can see, science has just worked out its own theory of the creation of the entire universe.

Science now knows that there are probably many more worlds like our own. And that these worlds may have people on them lower, equal or superior to man on earth.

Science now knows that the whole universe was born 3,000,000,000 years ago.

Science now knows that the piercing rays from radium, used today, are part of the original and primordial energy created when the universe was born.

Science now knows that this primordial energy was packed into radioactive atoms when the now-scattered stars in the heavens were once closely clustered into a vast cosmic "bomb" that exploded and which has been flying apart ever since.

These are just a few of the chapters written into science's own Book of Genesis by new astronomical discoveries and by means of intricate mathematical calculations on the desks of theoretical physicists and astronomers.

Because I have contributed in some degree to these calculations and their profound, yet understandable meaning, I shall try to tell the simple story of what physical creation means to scientists today.

The mystery which puzzles scientists on-

Another Idea of What Life Might Be Like on Other Planets Is Pictured in These Illustrations in John Jacob Astor's Imaginative Book "A Journey in Other Worlds," Published in 1894 by D. Appleton & Co.

ward in their probing into the origins of the universe starts with the earth itself, especially questions about the age of the earth.

The earth is old in terms of man's lifetime, but surprisingly it is old in terms of the lifetime of the universe, too. Scientists have definite knowledge of just how old the earth is. The answer comes out to be about 2,500,000,000 years and is obtained from measurements of the transmutation of radium-like, disintegrating elements into the gas helium and into metallic lead.

Knowing how fast such transmutations occur, and getting estimates of how much helium and lead there is in the oldest rocks, it is not too difficult to figure out the age of those rocks. This is a rough and ready answer to the question, "How old is the earth?" The answer, as I have said, comes out to be about two and a half billion years.

Now it might happen that the stars in the sky, and the galaxies of stars in the universe, are many times older than the earth. Perhaps the formation of the earth from the sun was a very late happening in the age of the whole universe; a happening that occurred just by chance as some distant star rushed by the sun and tore off from it the earth and the other planets like Jupiter, Venus, Mars and the rest.

Very probably the earth was created in

just this way from the sun, but might not the sun itself be much older?

To borrow a slang expression, "it could be." But the chances are all against it.

Last June, in The American Weekly, I explained how the sun generated its vast and seemingly eternal energy by transforming its abundant hydrogen gas into helium gas by a process of atomic synthesis.

I showed how a cycle of atomic building up of helium was possible through the aid of the element carbon which, as some Phoenix, from the ashes of the solar fire. Hydrogen, it was shown, served as the fuel for this process and helium was the end product, the ash. Carbon was the catalyst that made the whole thing possible. And solar energy was liberated in the atomic cycle.

Further considerations of solar energy now lead me to suspect that the sun itself is hardly more than three billion years old. Roughly, the sun seems to have been "born" at about the same time as the earth itself.

All the evidence about the age of the earth and the age of the sun add up to one thing.

"The world as we know it now has existed not much longer than two or three billion years and that, prior to that time, the state of the universe was entirely different."

But even if the sun and the earth are cosmic "twins" in the point of time, could not the rest of the universe be a lot older than either?

This seems plausible, but the strange and astounding answer is . . . NO.

All the evidence of astronomy points to a blowing apart of the universe from some central point just about two or three billion years ago. Dr. Edwin Hubble of Mount Wilson Observatory has discovered that distant star galaxies are rushing rapidly outward from one another. He has measured how fast this

expansion of the universe is taking place.

With his observations it is not difficult to calculate how long ago all the stars must have been squeezed and packed together so closely that they were indistinguishable from one another.

Strangely enough this important epoch was also about three billion years ago.

All these conclusions lead to this point:

The earth is just about as old as the sun, and the sun is just about as old as the universe.

This means that the earth must have been cast out from the sun in the early days of creation of the universe—as we know it now—just about as soon as the sun itself was cast off with the other stars from the exploding primordial glob of stellar matter.

What happened was that, with the original explosion and the hurrying away of millions of star masses that became stars, there was a terrific period when the sun rushed and bumped into one another in a most chaotic fashion. All of them, remember, were packed into a very small part of space, and the chances of collision were enormous; almost certain to happen in many instances.

In that splendid, new book on astronomy, entitled "The Milky Way," by Professors Bart J. Bok and Fricke, Bok of Harvard Observatory (Blakiston), it is explained, as is well known, that the stars are now so far apart that actual collisions between stars the size of the sun can occur only once in 200,000,000,000,000 years.

This fact has been the one which has always made astronomers extremely skeptical that any earths besides our own were very plentiful in the universe.

But the new knowledge that all the stars once were packed together raises enormously the chance of direct collisions. It is very probable that many stars collided with one another in those early, formative days, and that out of each collision came satellite planets such as cluster about our own sun.

Many scientists beside myself are willing to admit that the earth is probably only one among many such places in the universe where life exists in a form which we can recognize on our own planet.

Your imagination is as good as mine in figuring out what kind of beings these other worlds might have. On this page are a few samples of what imaginative artists consider such life to be like.

From the purely scientific view the world of today was formed from shapeless, gaseous

chaos about two or three billion years ago.

Indeed, so quickly was the earth formed after the original explosion that the surface of the earth must have been partially solidified, and may have been carrying around primitive, living organisms on it, even before the stars had separated into the different stellar clouds, or galaxies.

The farther we go back into time, seeking the original creation of the universe as we know it now, the closer the stars were packed together and the hotter they were. There seems to be no upper limit of the temperature that could be attained in the primordial ball, or glob, of stellar matter which has since been distributed in space into the stars and star systems.

Science has a number of riddles which cannot be solved unless we assume incredibly high temperatures and pressures in the "genesis" stage of the evolution of our universe.

One of the most important of these riddles is the existence of the radioactive elements like radium, uranium and thorium whose atoms—one by one—are gradually exploding and releasing enormous amounts of atomic energy and turning, finally, in stable elements like lead or water.

Because these radioactive elements are continually breaking down they could not have existed for all eternity of time. Either they must now be created somewhere in the universe in a kind of "atomic factory," or else they must be the residual left-over of some production that was suspended long ago.

All experiments on atom smashing and disintegration and transmutation show us that such conditions are realized nowhere in the universe at the present time.

In fact an estimate of the temperature needed "to cook" atoms of radium, thorium or uranium leads to values of several billions of degrees. And along with these fantastic temperatures there must be pressures and densities which are billions of times greater than the density of water.

It is well known that the temperature of the sun at its surface is not over 6,000 degrees, and that the center is several billions of degrees. But even here it is far too cool to do the kind of atomic cooking that I am talking about.

Thus, if we wish to explain the creation of radioactive elements, we must assume that some time in the past such conditions in the universe were more or less common. That is, it seems that first the elements were cooked in the compressed and hot central mass—the original primordial glob of matter that has since scattered into our vast universe.

Then the cooking stopped and the mass started to cool off as the inner parts began flying away from the outer parts. This cooling should occur in quite logical. It is just as if the fire were turned off beneath a pot of boiling water.

All these facts make it most plausible that the radioactive elements which we find now on earth, and use in atomic experiments, or to treat cancer, are all formed when the universe was young.

To me, at least, it is very exciting to think that the energy liberated by a radioactive atom today in cancer treatment was squeezed into that atom some billions of years ago into the state of cosmic time. It is primordial energy in the truest sense.

Do You Treat Your Baby Like a Human Being?

Parenthood Is a Business, Child-Care-Expert Johnson Reminds You, and Points Out That to Your Youngster You're a Towering, Unlovely Giant, Breaking Conduct Rules Breeds Baby Blackmail—And Blunderingly Kind Papas and Mamas Nearly Always Raise Problem Kids

"A CHILD'S education begins at birth and the first four years are probably more important than the last four at college," says Miss Emma Johnson, Director of the Department of Early Childhood and Elementary Education, at Temple University, Philadelphia.

The college boy or girl may pick his own college and even elect the courses and professors. Also he can always quit or get himself fired. But the baby does not choose, nor can he escape from the two beaming faces which float like full moons over his crib.

"Well-meaning but often wrong-acting, these two, Professors Mama and Papa, are his for the first vital years whether they know their business or not."

The business of these first educators is not to make mental giants of their babies but to lay a solid foundation of character and understanding that will later make it possible for the grown-up child to shoulder the responsibilities of a useful citizen.

This requires no elaborate apparatus nor education on the part of the parents themselves but it does require considerable common sense and understanding of the child mind.

The first thing to remember is that the child is not a small edition of a man or woman, a sort of dwarf foreigner who simply needs to be led around and told what is the proper thing.

The baby arrives, a little, paralyzed prisoner, in a world full of creatures of monstrous size that do not seem to belong to his species. If he sees another baby, that too is as helpless and useless as he is. The baby's business is to understand what it is all about and get his due from the world.

This is selfishness, necessary and proper, provided it is intelligent selfishness, which means realization that the way to get your full rights is by cooperation with others, in seeing that they get theirs.

This scene is familiar to almost everyone. It is eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and the young father's parents have called. They must naturally wish to see the little grandchild. The young wife is adamant, the baby's sleep must not be disturbed, and its routine must not be broken by picking it up and awakening it. The father sides with the grandparents. Either the young wife must surrender and permit the baby to be awakened for the admiration of the fond grandparents, or a tense situation develops. After the older people have left, possibly offended, a quarrel flares between husband and wife. What should have been a pleasant and quiet evening ends in bitterness.

Nature bequeaths to every infant the instinct to yell for what it wants, to demand and grab what it likes, but the idea of giving as well as taking and of cooperation, has to be taught, as surely as walking.

If the parents are not able to make a child feel that cooperation is not merely a disagreeable, unprofitable nuisance to be dodged wherever possible, but a good idea, like answering the call to dinner, the result is likely to be a problem child who will be a problem adult to the end of his unhappy days.

Most every mother has been told the proper schedule for the baby and has every intention of sticking to it. Not only is the schedule a matter of health but the first step in getting the baby mind prepared for the idea of cooperation.

The parent most often to blame for tripping the baby in that first step is the father. It is true enough that waking up the baby cannot possibly have any permanent effect on its health, just this once.

But if the father were grounded in even

This Is How Misguided Auntie Looks to Your Baby, and Her Fright-Inspiring Hat And Clothing Are the Explanation Why Baby Isn't At All Pleased With the Doll She Brought Her.



It Is a Form of Cruelty to Take a Little Fellow This Size On a Shopping Tour. To Him, the Adult's Legs Around Him Become a Weird Forest. His Little Arm Is Almost Paralyzed by Continuous Dragging, and He Gets Into Trouble If You Don't Hold Him.



Above Is an Actual Drawing by a 4-Year-Old Child, Showing How His Mother Looks to Him. At the Right, a 6-Year-Old Boy Has Given His Idea of What Father Looks Like. Both Drawings Clearly Define the Average Child's 'Giant Illusion' of Adults.



the most elementary rules of child development, he would see that a law has been broken. The baby has glimpsed the fact that it does not always have to go to bed and to sleep when mother says so. Parents forget that they were once children and grandparents forget that they were parents. Moving forward three or four years, the father has finished dinner and is reading his newspaper. The little son or daughter is playing with its toys. The mother tells the child to begin to prepare for bed. The child pleads for a little more time to finish this or that. Again the mother is firm, but the child appeals to its father. He will probably take sides with the child. If he knows nothing of child development, and decide that the youngster may stay up a little longer.

long enough usually for the habit to become fixed. The next step along the primrose path is blackmail.

In the second year of a child's life, temper begins to manifest itself. At about the age of eighteen months the child's attitudes toward life situations begin in earnest. For instance, the child will begin to learn that he can have his own way by screaming. This is just a form of childish blackmail, but it is blackmail. Modern life in apartments and cities and the baby's mother is afraid that neighbors will be disturbed when the baby screams, and immediately she gives in to the child.

Temper and screaming on the part of a child less than two years old may be regarded by many as merely an annoyance, something

that the child will outgrow. The student of child development sees something far more serious in the baby's tantrums.

The baby who has successfully practiced the art of screaming to get what it wants at home may grow into a very difficult child. Even before its second birthday a little baby may have learned that by displaying temper it could force its father, and grandparents to yield to it. That child, as it grows, then attempts to use the same tactics upon its little playmates.

If blackmail works on parents, it ought to have the same magic power on other youngsters but it doesn't. They understand the racket and know what to do about it.

The little blackmailer wants the ball before it is his turn, so he puts on his screaming act, perhaps throwing himself down and bumping his forehead on the ground in an all-out tantrum. But this does not get him the ball. The others look at him a moment then walk away leaving him flat. The little bad-actor, his audience gone, stops his acting in dismay.

But this does not always cure him. He may try it again and again, finally becoming a child-pariah, with a martyr complex because none of the children will associate with him. He is an unsocial child and will be an unsocial adult.

Miss Johnson points out that a child's life is just one strange experience after another. The parent may not be able to make sure that the youngster does not misunderstand the meaning of all of them but at least he should strive to shield it from overwhelming experiences. These, though pleasant to a grown-up, may be soul-shaking to a child.

When the little boy is around four years old the fond father will probably think it a treat to take him to a football game. The father, proud of his son, decides that the youngster shall be a he-man.

The boy may shriek and appear to enjoy the general excitement, and the father returns home greatly pleased with himself and his son, forgetting that the child may not sleep well or eat well for sometime to come, and that it may take time to repair the emotional damage.

If the little boy screamed at the game it was not from delight, but excitement and overstimulation. Knowing nothing about why 22 men were scuffling out in a field, his mind was full of confused astonishment. Worst of all were the yells and sudden jumping up of a great crowd of people, so different from their manners in church.

This upsets all ideas of decorum by his elders and betters. These are not bad people because his father acts the same way, therefore anybody may become noisy and violent without provocation.

The youngster comes out of the experience as shaken as his father would have been from going through an earthquake. His father remembers that he had a wonderful time at a game when he was a little bit of a fellow, but he forgets that he was eight years old, not four, which makes all the difference in the world.

The father is not always the worst offender. One of the cruellest things done to a little child is when the mother takes it with her on a shopping tour.

Nothing a child can perpetrate deserves that punishment. The mother interrupts right here by asking how else she is going to mind

the baby. That is her problem. Maybe she can get a neighbor to mind it and next day return the favor by minding hers.

Anyhow, put yourself in the child's position. How would you like to be dragged around by a person 20 feet tall, in a crowd of other 20-foot giants? How would your arm feel at the end of even one hour, which to a child is a large chunk of eternity? How would you like to see little but a forest of moving legs threatening you on all sides and skirts hitting you in the face?

Occasionally come quiet intervals when you are invited to stand with your face against the blank front of a counter while your mother examines invisible objects and talks interminably. If she lets go of your tired hand a moment you scamper off to a more interesting spot in the store and get lost.

Out of the leg-forest darts an equally unhappy dog on a leash who knocks you down. Your screams locate you for your exasperated parent and you learn that you are a bad, disobedient child. By the time you get home you are in a condition to make good on that statement.

Even the kindest mothers will take a small child to the motion picture. The four or five-year-old cannot grasp the meaning of the figures on the screen. The crowded theatre, the magic of the motion pictures, and everything else simply tend to upset the little one emotionally. The child obtains neither enjoyment nor education from these overwhelming experiences.

By early education, Miss Johnson does not mean teaching a child the things that make it shine at one of those kid quizzes which are the rage of the moment. If parents can lay the foundation for the child's later cooperation in the world, they have done their duty. The little mind can only hold so much and making one an infant prodigy, is at the sacrifice of something that may be more important. The main thing is not to have the youngster later be a star at a police quiz.

Education, during the first year, is done by simple things. For instance, she shows how a simple thing like the baby's bath during its first year can be really a lesson, and an important one to the child with results showing in its later life.

If, during the baby's bath, the mother will permit the soap to float about so that the baby may touch it and handle it, the baby will get a sense of being in the bath, a sense of cooperation with its mother.

The very small child will begin to feel that it is a part of the world, not a spectator, an actor not a spectator. This may well be the beginnings of the child becoming a social creature, one taking part in life's activities, rather than one standing apart.

A few years later that little seed will doubtless grow to embarrassing size when the youngster wants to help in the cooking or fixing the car.

This help may be a first-class nuisance, yet to order the child out of the garage or kitchen, not only hurts its feelings but may stunt the growth of that precious cooperative idea, of doing one's part in the world. A little patience, a few such times, pays big dividends.

You can buy a new dish and replace a ruined chest but when you have a problem child, you have it for keeps.

When Mother Starts to Spank Junior, She Sees a Glaring, Terrifying Beyond Reason, Proportion, From Child's Perspective, Were Worked Out Scientifically in This Picture.

LITTLE in ED

by Jonathan
Stagge

BOTH Norma and Jimmie Salter dying 'by accident' just before they were due for their inheritances. That does look like something," said Police Inspector Cobb to me in my home in rural Kenmore, when I told him of a new murder motive that might help us solve the strange death of lovely red-haired Norma Hale.

The day before, Norma Hale had said to me: "Dr. Westlake, I'm almost sure someone is going to try to murder me in revenge." She said she and a friend Libby Brimington had done something terrible in the past and that she was pursued by a man in a yellow taxi, adding that Libby, four dead months back, had seen him, too, in Bar Harbor. Norma was sure she had been murdered. After she left, I read a letter she had dropped in which Libby had written that the taxi driver had threatened her and said he would settle with Norma and Toni next. Who Toni was, girl or man, I didn't know. With my young daughter Dawn I went to near-by Fallowfield, Norma's home, to see Norma. There I met Persia, her divorced mother, now Mrs. David Rowley. Mrs. Rowley's sister, Grace, wife of Judge Salter, Karen Hale, Norma's red-haired twin sister, David, and Oliver Church, who was to marry Norma next week. They were hanging Christmas lights on the driveway trees. Presently Norma galloped up the drive, screamed and toppled over. I saw a yellow car down the drive. Norma was dead, her neck broken and a strange bruise on her throat. Later, Dawn showed me where a wire had been stretched across the drive. It was gone, but Norma had evidently ridden full tilt into it. Cobb agreeing to keep our suspicions of murder quiet started a hunt for the taxi driver, later identified as Albert Williams, and stressed the need of finding Toni to clarify the mystery. That evening we found the taxi drive in a lonely spot, but no trace of the driver. Karen denied knowing Toni.

The new murder motive came from Francis Hale, Norma's father, who said a trust fund left to Persia and Grace, by Samuel Shipton, their father, had shrunk. They now received \$50,000 a year but the will provided \$20,000 a year was to go to the three grandchildren on marriage or on reaching twenty-five. Jimmie Salter, Grace's son, he told me, had been engaged to Karen and had died in an accident. "You realize," he said, "how timely Norma's death was." He insisted if someone was murdering the Shipton grandchildren for profit Karen was now in danger. I told Cobb all this and it was then he remarked it "looked like something."

Then Mrs. Rowley showed me a letter from Hale to Norma warning her that Oliver really loved Karen. She feared it might have driven Norma to try to kill herself. I told her Norma had spoken to me of her marriage as certain. I reflected that possibly the murderer had known nothing of Oliver's change of heart and had murdered Norma believing the wedding was still going to be celebrated. In that case, the murderer was in danger for Karen if the motive did lie, not with the taxi driver, but in Shipton's will. I started thinking furiously about Oliver. The more I thought, the more extraordinary his emotional life seemed to become.

(And Now Go on With the Story)

HAD just reached the hall after leaving Mrs. Rowley when, like an embodiment of my own reflections, Oliver Church burst out of the living-room. His little young body was taut and hostile as if he were preparing himself against a physical attack. His dark eyes gazed at me aggressively from under dark knotted brows.

"I heard you were here, Doctor Westlake. I'd like a word with you. Let's go in the bar. There's no one in there."

He entirely ignored the fact that I might be unwilling to fall in with his plan. He strode to the door of the bar, opened it and stood there waiting for me to join him.

Needless to say, I was more than eager to comply. Thanks to the information received from Francis Hale through Mrs. Rowley I was definitely the one with the full fall of facts.

He shut the door behind us, made a grab at a cigarette from a box on one of the tables

and, lit it with a lot of furious inhaling. He glowered at me through smoke. I wondered if it was just Dr. Westlake as an individual that he disliked or whether he was one of those young men who fight the whole world. "It's about Norma," he said. "As her fiancé I think I have a right to ask you to be frank with me. I want to know why she went to see you yesterday."

I seemed to have heard that question before. I returned his steady stare with equal steadiness.

"I don't blame you for being worried," I said. "But there's no need to be."

"He stiffened. 'Why should I be worried?' That was the moment for one of my aces. 'I'd say you had every reason to be anxious. After all, you don't want it to get around that you were gilding her on the eve of the wedding for her sister, do you?'

His face went completely blank and then white with a sort of ferocious astonishment. "What—what do you mean?"

"You don't deny you were planning to break the engagement, do you?"

"Deny it? It's a damn lie. It's . . ." He stared down at his hands and then up again. Most of the fight seemed to have gone out of him. "Did . . . did Norma tell you that?"

I shook my head. "So far as I know Norma hadn't any idea of what was going on."

I thought there was a flicker of relief in his eyes. But mostly there was nothing but that haggard uneasiness.

"Then who told you?" he asked huskily. "It couldn't have been Karen. She would never have . . ." He stopped and added with harsh conviction, "It was Mrs. Rowley, of course. You've just been with her. She always pretended to be so sweet and charming but she never fooled me. She found out something and told you just to start you thinking that I . . ."

As Karen Unexpectedly Opened the Door, Quick, Unguarded Terror Shook in Her Eyes When Oliver Called Her Toni. 'Why Did You Call Her That?' Asked Dr. Westlake. 'I Thought Her Name Was Karen.'

"Mrs. Rowley didn't try to start me thinking anything," I cut in. "On the contrary she was amazingly charitable about you. Francis Hale wrote Norma a letter yesterday telling her that you and Karen were in love with each other and advising her to give up any idea of the marriage. Mrs. Rowley found it and asked my advice. That's her only connection with it."

"So it was Francis Hale?" Oliver Church stashed his cigarette into an ashtray with a very unsteady hand. "What did he do for her, the fool?"

"He probably had the best of intentions," I said. "He just wanted Norma to know the truth because he thought it would be best for all parties concerned."

"The meddling idiot!" Church's hands were clenched into fists now and the skin, drawn tight over his knuckles, was white. "He should have been dead."

"But what he wrote was perfectly true, wasn't it?"

"That I'm in love with Karen? Yes. Of course it's true."

He ran a distracted hand through his thick black hair. "But you don't imagine I was going to do anything about it, do you?"

Neither Karen nor I would ever have breathed a word to Norma. And—of course I was going through with the wedding."

There seemed something a little mock heroic about that speech. I said drily:

"On the theory that one identical twin is much the same as the other?"

He swung round to me. "That's a damn stupid thing to say!" And then, a little mollified: "I guess I rate it though. I've been pretty stupid myself. I've been in love with Karen for years. In the old days I knew it was no good because she'd been crazy about her cousin, Jimmie Salter, ever since she was a kid. He had a sort of irresistible attraction for her. Even after he died, she never showed the slightest interest in anyone else. Certainly not in me."

HE MOISTENED his lips, looking rather awkward like a young man who was not accustomed to confide his emotional life to near-strangers. "That's where I made my big mistake. I decided there was no hope for Karen. I'd always been fond of Norma. And well, she was in love with me. I suppose I did figure the way you said, that one identical twin was a good substitute for her. In any case, I became engaged to her. But even from the start it didn't work out."

In spite of the aggressive tilt of his jaw, he couldn't conceal the fact that he was pitifully ill-at-ease. Now that he was no longer swagging there was something rather attractive about him.

"You see," he continued jerkily, "it was just after the engagement that Karen discovered she—she was fond of me. Oh, she didn't say anything about it. We both tried to pretend it wasn't true. But you know how those things are."

"The other day, when I arrived here for Christmas, I had gotten too strong for us. We both broke down and admitted how we were feeling. It was quite a horrible situation. We talked it all out, Karen and I, and we swore we'd fight against it, that we wouldn't make Norma unhappy just because we'd been such fools ourselves. We—we tried to make a

vow never to be alone with each other again."

He was very pale and distraught now. "No one would ever have known if it hadn't been for Hale. Karen's always stuck by him although the rest of the family veto him. I guess he was smart enough to wheedle it out of her. I know he wheedled it out of me—before I even realized it."

He stopped speaking, and I watched his dark, smoldering face trying to decide whether I believed in him as the heroic young man who had been willing to sacrifice his great passion to fulfill a promise.

He returned my stare, reading, I felt, pretty much of what was in my mind. "You don't have much of an opinion of me, or of Karen either probably, do you? I don't blame you. I must seem pretty much of a louse—particularly now poor Norma's dead. Some of the old defiance had come back and he tossed his head. "But I didn't know Norma was going to die. I didn't know Hale was going to split everything wide open. I didn't know a damn thing. How could I have?"

There seemed to be a queer sort of challenge implicit in that question. I still watched him fixedly, I said:

"It's all very tragic, but it proves the old saying about the ill-wind, doesn't it? Now you'll be able to marry Karen."

For a moment he just stared back at me blankly as if he couldn't quite believe that I had said that. Then his face kindled with anger. I thought he was going to hit me.

"Are you suggesting I'm glad Norma died?"

That remark and his anger seemed excessive.

"Of course I'm not. I only pointed out a self-evident fact. You will marry Karen now, won't you after a decent interval?"

"I don't know that it's any damn business of yours."

I decided I could get away with a minor bombshell then. "I was just thinking about Karen," I said. "After all, being married seems quite a dangerous pastime in this family. Look at what happened to Jimmie Salter and Norma."

That hit him between the eyes. His hands dropped to his sides. He just stared at me stupidly. Then with a quick violence he gripped my arms.

"What on earth are you driving at?"

I kept perfectly calm. I said: "Mrs. Rowley told me you work in Rowley's office."

"Of course I do. But . . ."

Then you probably know about old Mr. Shipton's will."

"Mr. Shipton's will!" He echoed the words without any indication that he comprehended them. "What do you mean? Tell me . . ."

HE BROKE off then, his voice stopping as if the sentence had been cut off with a knife. We both swung round.

Because the door had been unexpectedly pushed open and Karen Hale was standing on the threshold.

She was looking very beautiful and very tense, her face white, mask beneath the shining red hair, her body taut.

"I'm sorry," she began. "I didn't know Doctor Westlake was . . ."

She stopped. There was a very awkward pause. With quite an effort Oliver Church pulled himself together. He smiled a weak, forced smile.

"It's all right," he said. "We were just passing the time of day. It wasn't anything important, Toni."

Toni!

It was my turn to be staggered then. I tried to conceal my surprise. But there was no real need because it was Karen who had taken the spotlight.

One hand flew to her cheek and her eyes flashing to my face and then away again, showed quick, unguarded terror.

I got a grip on myself first. In a voice meant to be casual but remembering her flat denial the night of the yellow taxi, I said: "Why did you call her that, Church? I thought her name was Karen."

Oliver Church was watching Karen with a kind of puzzled tenderness. When I spoke he glanced at me vaguely.

"Oh, I always called her Toni. It was Libby's name for her. They picked it up at school. They both had the middle name Shipton. They called Norma, Shipton—Karen."

So that was the derivation of that mysterious name which figured so largely and so brightly in the story of the yellow taxi. Why had Karen been so eager to keep me from learning this?

Oliver had gone to Karen's side. He slipped his arm around her, making no attempt to conceal his feelings from me.

"What is it, darling? You look as if you've been hurt. Is anything the matter?"

"No, no." Once again Karen glanced almost desperately at me. "It's—it's just that I'm tired, my nerves have gone to pieces. I . . ."

"I'll get you a drink. That'll pep you up," Oliver Church looked at me over his shoulder. At the very moment when he had shown a moment before seemed to have vanished. There was nothing now but his solicitude for Karen. "Perhaps you'll excuse us, Doctor Westlake."

He didn't wait for me to say anything. He gently led her out of the room.

As I stood there staring after them, it occurred to me that I was actually in the bar. That made Church's excuse about taking Karen away to get her a drink distinctly lame. Perhaps he was confused, I reflected. Certainly I was.

In fact, confused was putting it mildly. Ever since I had started after them, it had been worrying about the danger to Karen as the last remaining grandchild of Mr. Shipton.

I had never dreamed that she was equally in danger in the second plot. I had never dreamed that Karen Hale was also Toni, the only character left alive on the legendary

(Continued on Page 12)

The Case of THE DEVIL IN HARDCRABBLE VALLEY

For 2 Agonizing Months Ohio Farmers Felt That Satan, Or One of His Agents, Was Afflicting Them With Fire, Pestilence and Death—And They Were Right!

By BEN NELSON

NEVER had Hardcrabble Valley known such stark, unreasoning terror. The God-fearing farmers who scratched a frugal living from its grudging, stony soil, pulled up their horses when they met on the almost deserted roads. "Where will it strike next?" they asked, looking behind them as they spoke. "Who will be next to go?"

Their frightened wives, gathering at the bedside of a sick neighbor, for only a major catastrophe could get them to stir far from their own doorsteps, asked the same thing. Why had the Evil One selected this remote county in northern Ohio for his unholy attention? Why had he picked their homes and barns to blast with fire and brimstone, themselves and their cattle with mysterious, agonizing death? What had they done to deserve this terrible affliction that was being visited upon them?

It was just 17 years ago, on New Year's Day, 1925, that Satan or one of his emissaries first made his presence felt in the small community of Valley City, not far from the county seat at Medina.

New Year's, along with Christmas, Thanksgiving and such few funerals as might be, were about the only times the Valley Kinfolk and neighbors had a chance to get together in anything like holiday mood, and usually they made the most of it.

Fred Geinke, a prosperous, hard-working farmer, together with his wife Lily, their six children and several near relatives celebrated the day in traditional style with roast, a suckling pig, an apple in its mouth, mounds of steaming vegetables and four kinds of pie topped off with foaming glasses of not-to-hard cider.

They rose from the table, stuffed almost to overflowing, content and entirely unaware of their impending fate.

Sometime later a farmwife who lived across the road heard anguished screams coming from the Geinke home and hurried to investigate. What she saw sent her as fast as she could go to the nearby home of Martha Hase-Wise, Lily's niece.

"Quick, Martha!" the terrified woman cried. "It's the Devil! The Devil's took all the Geinkes sick unto dying. Hurry! I'll go for the doctor."

Martha, better known to the entire Valley as the sick-nursing "Widow Wise," hastily threw a shawl over her gaunt, bony shoulders, called for her children to stay in the house, kissed her rusty black dress to her knees, and ran.

The ghastly scene that greeted her in the Geinke parlor would have convinced a far less pious woman than Martha Wise that the Devil had indeed been at work there. Nine-year-old Rudolph, his face contorted with pain, clawed feebly toward his mother's aide. As Martha watched, he collapsed in merciful unconsciousness. Young Fred Jr. writhed in the grip of a monstrous fit. Two of the other children, Marie and Rudolph, were trying to rise but their legs willed as though made of rubber at every attempt. The rest lay motionless piteously on the floor.

Exerting almost superhuman strength, the Widow Wise managed somehow to get them to bed. That done, she drew a pail of cold water from the well, tore towels into strips and gently bathed their sweat-beaded foreheads with work-worn fingers.

She was so engaged when two physicians arrived and quickly administered emetics. Anxious neighbors rushed Marie and Rudolph, who seemed the sickest, to the Medina County Hospital.

"Some kind of food poisoning," it was agreed. "That big dinner—"

When all were resting easier, Martha, herself obviously on the verge of collapse, had to be treated also.

In a few hours, however, it looked as



Fred Geinke, Sr., Who Died of the Mysterious "Devil's Mandy."



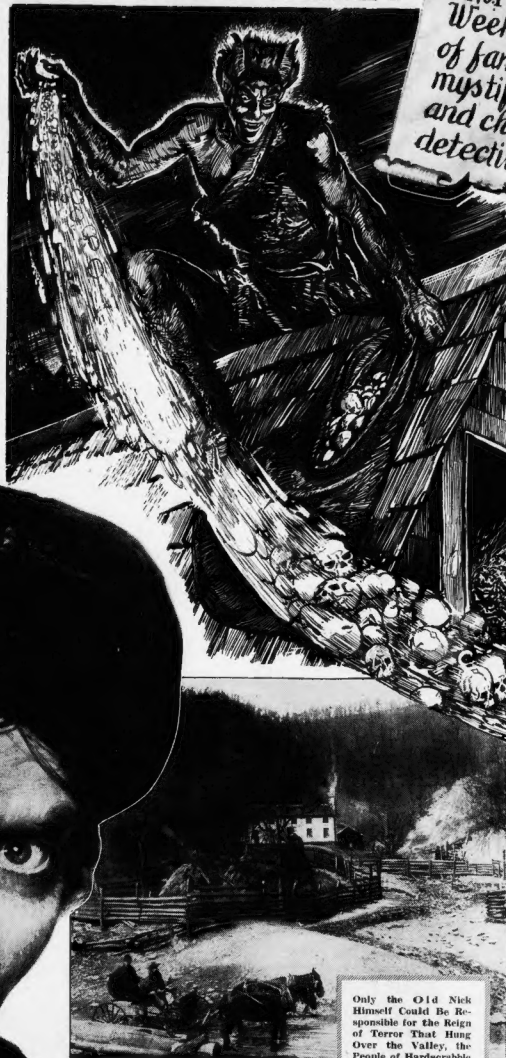
Fred Geinke, Jr., His Son, Was Also Stricken But Recovered.



Mrs. Sophie Hase, Early Victim of the "Devil's" Visit.



Mrs. Lily Geinke, Fred's Wife, Died Soon After Her Husband.



Only the Old Nick Himself Could Be Responsible for the Reign of Terror That Hung Over the Valley, the People of Hardcrabble Agreed.

Martha Wise, Niece of One of the Victims, Told How the Evil One, Laughing and Grinning, Walked Right Into Her Kitchen While She Was Baking Bread.

though the worst were about over. In reality it was just the beginning. For a series of mysterious fires broke out up and down Hardcrabble into flames; houses caught fire, apparently without reason; barns burned to the ground, destroying horses and cattle.

People started to whisper: "It's the Devil! There's a curse on us. But why? Why?" Cattle sickened and died inexplicably in the fields, in "barnyards," in their stalls.

The Valley grew frantic at this new scourge, but there was more to come. Things began disappearing from their homes—prized heirlooms, pieces of jewelry, knickknacks, even family portraits—as though snatched away by an invisible hand, and with never a single claw left behind.

All the superstitions they had inherited from their Old World ancestors came to the surface. Tales of ancient black magic and witchcraft commenced to circulate. They took to doubling bolting their doors at night. Few stirred outside after dark for fear of meeting the Evil One himself face to face.

For the Devil was causing all this misfortune. They were sure of it.

Then on Feb. 9th, Fred Geinke, who had seemed well on the way to recovery, suddenly grew worse and died.

His wife, still bedridden as a result of her illness

acquired on New Year's Day, called in her niece, the Widow Wise, to take charge of the funeral arrangements.

Puneral arrangements in Hardcrabble Valley were a two-day chore. The whole house had to be cleaned, the musty parlor aired. Neighbors who came to pay their respects must be greeted. And there was the cooking to do in preparation for the friends and relatives who would come from far and near. Pies and cakes to bake; jars of pickles and relishes to be got up from the cellar. For funerals in the Valley, if not exactly gala affairs, were as nearly so as decency permitted.

Still the fires, the deaths of livestock and the strange disappearances of articles continued. And three days later, just after the family physician had predicted it would only be a short time now until she was fully recovered, Lily Geinke suffered an unexpected relapse and died in agony before the good doctor could be summoned.

He signed the certificate of death as due to coronary thrombosis, a form of blood clotting which stopped the heart.

A veritable epidemic of the terrible "Devil's Mandy" broke out. Men, women and children were taken with sudden seizures the Valley's overworked physicians found difficult to diagnose.

The Geinke children were again stricken, Martha Wise's two brothers and a cousin, Mrs. Rose Adams. Martha herself was rushed to the hospital where quick action by the doctors saved her, although she still had a badly infected arm which, due to her rundown condition from work and worry, failed to heal.

This brought the number of casualties since the first strange visitation of New Year's Day to seventeen, to say nothing of the thousands of dollars in property losses and damage.

A wave of mass hysteria swept the Valley. Where would the Devil strike next? Who would be next to go? What—oh, what have we done to deserve all this?

County Prosecutor Joseph Seymour and Sheriff George Roshon had not been idle during these two awful months. Hard-headed men, they scoffed at the tales that Satan was on the loose in Hardcrabble but they had practically no definite clues to go on.

Although they had grided the entire Valley without result they had picked up little things here and there that they were painstakingly but surely piecing together into a pattern. If a fiend were responsible for this orgy of violence and terror it was a human one. Of that they were convinced.

To begin with they knew Mrs. Sophie Hase, Lily Geinke's 72-year-old sister, and mother of Martha Wise, had died suddenly three weeks before New Year's.

Further, it was a significant fact that most of the strange seizures had taken place in households belonging either to the Hase or the Geinke families.

They knew, too,

Not in The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

that a certain person's children had been warned not to drink water at Mrs. Sophie Hase's place or at that of Fred Geinke.

"Could poison have caused the deaths?" they asked the attending physicians eagerly.

"Yes," the doctors agreed. "Certain poisons—arsenic, for instance—might have caused them."

Sheriff and prosecutor had to cover a lot of ground but they finally established that the person who had warned the children had recently made two purchases of arsenic "to kill rats."

Prosecutor Seymour obtained a court order for the exhumation of Lily Geinke's body. An autopsy was performed. "Arsenic all right," the coroner reported. "Enough of it to kill a dozen people."

Prosecutor and sheriff questioned those closest involved once more but got nothing.

"I've told you all I know," Martha Wise said, a break in her voice. "I wish I could help you. Mother, Aunt Lily, Uncle Fred—"

"You'd better go up to Cleveland for a couple of weeks and have that infection treated," Martha, Prosecutor Seymour said gently, indicating her still-banded arm. "And get a good rest. You've been through a lot."

She left the following day, March 1st. Two weeks went by. Not a single fire, no one strangely sick, nothing reported missing throughout the entire Valley.

Sheriff and prosecutor nodded grimly. "Get Martha Wise!" Seymour said. "Rain drummed steadily in the roof of Sheriff Roshon's car the night he drove the Widow Wise back from Cleveland. It was drumming on the tin roof outside the prosecutor's window as she sat down and faced him across his desk."

"We know you did it, Martha," he said. "Why not confess and get it off your conscience?"

"You're wrong, Mr. Seymour. I would never do a thing like that."

He told her about the arsenic in Lily Geinke's stomach, showed her the druggist's register of her purchases, explained how they knew you'd warned her children not to drink water at "grandma's or Uncle Fred's." Still she shook her head in stony-faced denial.

For several minutes the faces each wore across a silence broken only by the rain on the roof. Then Mrs. Ethel Roshon, the sheriff's wife, took a hand.

"Listen, Martha. Do you hear those rain-drops? Do you hear what they're saying? They're saying: 'Drop-drip-drip. You-did-it. Drop-drip-drip. You-did-it.' You did it, Martha! You know you did! Listen to it, Martha. It's the voice of God. He's telling you to tell the truth!"

The Widow Wise listened—and then she broke.

"Oh, my God," she moaned. "Yes, I did it. I put arsenic in the water bucket. But it was the Devil told me to. He came to me, laughing and grinning, while I baked my bread. He came to me when I was alone in the fields. He kept telling me to do it while he lolled me in the meadow. It was the Devil done it."

She looked down at her work-worn hands.

"They told me I had no business wanting to get married again. Said I was old and ugly. They laughed at me when that young fellow threw me over. I hated them and the Devil said: 'Kill them.' And I did."

"I hated their funerals. I could get dressed up and see folks and talk to them. I didn't mind a funeral with twenty guests. The only fun I ever had was after I killed people."

She signed a complete confession.

At her trial defense lawyers tried to prove she was an epileptic and had been insane since birth, but the jury did not agree with them.

They found Martha Hase Wise guilty and she was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio State Penitentiary for Women at Marysville where she still is today.

No one ever knew how she kept those fires and committed her mysterious thefts. Perhaps the Devil did have a hand in those terrible months after she.

WATCH FOR
The Clue of the Purloined Penny
How a battered penny and a fragment of verse helped Pinkerton Detectives trap Rudolph and Collins, two of Missouri's most notorious murderers.
No. 2 From The American Weekly's Casebook of Famous Crimes.

What the Japs May Have Learned From the Nazis to Blast Minds and Nerves



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By JOSEPH GOLLOMB,
Author of "Annie of Spies," Etc.

IN launching their attack on our Hawaiian bases at Pearl Harbor without warning, at the very moment when their envoys were still mouthing peaceful proposals to our Secretary of State, the Japanese weren't imitating their German masters.

The Japanese didn't have to learn that particular brand of treachery from anybody. They originated it.

In 1904, they torpedoed without warning the Russian warships lying in the harbor at Port Arthur, twenty-four hours before the declaration of war, at the very moment when the Japanese ambassador to Russia was the guest of honor at a ball in the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg.

So it was really the Germans who were imitating the Japanese when they attacked Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and all of their other innocent victims, without warning.

Just the same, the little brown men of the Pacific have probably learned many other tricks from their schoolmaster, Adolf Hitler.

"Our real war," Hitler wrote, "is waged before the military strikes. Artillery preparations are replaced by the moral decomposition of the enemy by means of various psychological devices that enable us to kill before his armies can go into action."

The rattlesnake at least sounds a warning. But before the Japanese struck, their bland smiles masked whole batteries of psychological tricks. Fortunately, however, to unmask many of their devices we need only study Nazi methods.

Since it's hard for a Japanese spy to disguise his nationality, an accord was worked out in 1935 between the Nazis and Japanese whereby German agents operating in the United States were also work for Japan.

HAD anyone told Sam Hubbel, 27, single, counterman in a Detroit street-corner diner, for instance, that he was being used as a guinea pig by the Abteilung der Kriegspyschologie of the German General Staff in its war against American nerves, he wouldn't have understood.

He did not know enough German to translate the name of the Abteilung as the Department of War Psychology, had never heard of it, and certainly did not dream that studies of his typical reactions went regularly to Room 22B of the big new building on Bendlerstrasse, Berlin, where the Central Testing Laboratories are housed to soften up this country for Hitler's coming.

In one book alone, "German Psychological Warfare," the Committee for National Morale has synthesized over 700 articles and books by German psychologists, elaborating Hitler's plan.

The campaigns of psychological decomposition of the countries Hitler and Japan mean to conquer are directed by Major General Hans von Voss, its organization is known by intimates as "the three B's" and it is divided into four departments—Research, Testing, Defense Psychology, and Psychological Offense and Intelligence.

Sam knew about hamburgers and Western sandwiches but nothing of military matters except what he read in the papers or got from gabbing with others like himself. But to General Albrecht Blau, who is in charge of Psychological Offense and Intelligence, Sam was of greater interest than many an American with military secrets.

For in thoughts and fears, "in style and smile, in walk and talk," Sam Hubbel represented fourteen million other Americans in Morale Zone Three, as Sam's part of the country is designated on the ceiling-high map of North America in General Blau's

When the Nazis Attacked the Lowlands, Waiting Saboteurs Sprang to Hidden Microphones Crying: "Everyone! Die for Your Lives!" Soon the Roads Were Crowded by Lines of Refugees Like These, Which Blocked the Attempts of Allied Troops to Get at the Enemy.

headquarters. Whatever Sam thought and feared, fourteen million others in the industrial belt about Detroit and Chicago thought and feared. This made him valuable as a psychological guinea pig to a man who came into the diner one night when Sam was on the midnight to morning shift.

There were no other customers there at the time and Sam and the man had a chance to get acquainted. The man looked tired and lonely, though there was an air of intelligence and education about him that would have brought him company in the night club further up the street. He said his name was Pearson, wryly smiled at himself as a "crackpot of an inventor," but seemed sensible enough in his comment on things in general.

He was more interested in Sam's views than in his own, and came almost nightly, after a hard day in his home-and-workshop nearby, where he lived alone, he said. Sam and he became friendly, and one day Pearson, whom Sam called "Doc," invited him to come and look at his "gadgets" on his free day.

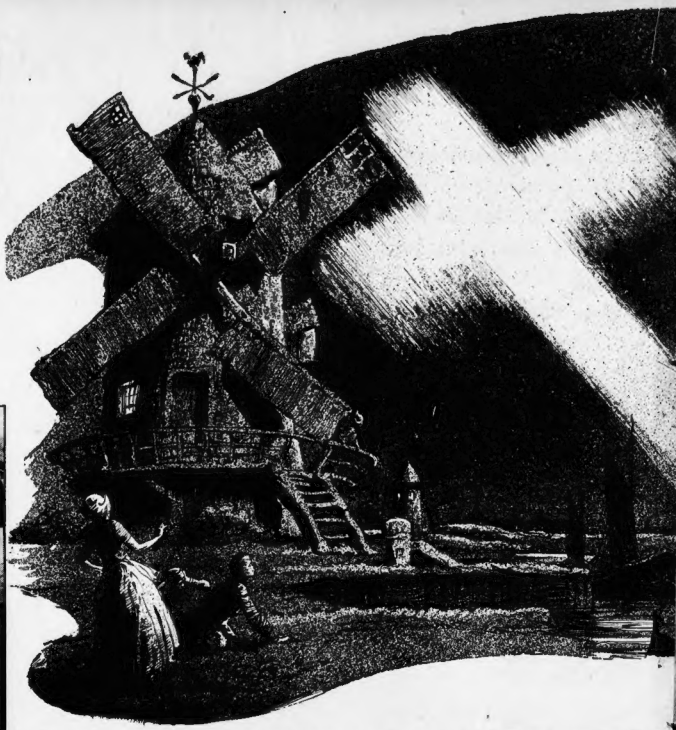
Sam came and over beer and cheese Doc described some of his projects. One was an improvement on the usual instrument for taking blood pressure, another recorded pulse on paper, a third measured perspiration rate, none of them revolutionary in principle. Doc tried the three "gadgets" on Sam one day, as he asked him to look in turn at a skull-faced African ceremonial mask, the photograph of some airplane factory and a Chicago afternoon tabloid. Doc gave long, technical explanations as he did so, and Sam was polite as he listened.

After Sam went home Doc made notations of Sam's reactions as the gadgets had registered them, and mailed them off to an address in St. Louis, where the report was sent on to the German Embassy in Washington, which forwarded it to Bendlerstrasse, Berlin, in pouches that were under diplomatic immunity from examination by anyone but officials of the Central Testing Laboratories.

Here a sub-committee of General Blau's department of Psychological Offense and Intelligence designed a project based on Sam Hubbel. Six weeks later it came to being in the form of a photograph that appeared in ninety-seven newspapers throughout the United States, seventeen of them in the industrial region where fourteen million Sam Hubbels lived and learned about Hitler from the press.

The photograph was captioned "Stuka Diving Planes on Assembly Line in a German Factory." Doc Pearson asked Sam if he had seen it and showed him a copy of it in a tabloid newspaper. Sam had seen it. Doc asked him what he thought of it.

"Well," Sam commented, "those Hitler boys seem to be turning out those Stukas like Hank Ford turns out flippers. Gives me the creeps somehow, don't know why. See lots of pictures of fac-



"That Night Something Happened to the Skies Over Flanders. A Dull Gloe Appeared as If Fire Were Pent Up in the Heart of the Clouds. A Fiery Rod Appeared, and Another Crossed It at Right Angles. All Over the Flemish Countryside Agitated Peasants Stared Fearfully at That Sign in the Heavens as a Trick of the DEPARTMENT-OF-PSYCHOLOGICAL-OFFENSIVE of the German General Staff to Weaken the Sturdy Flemish Morale."



This Photograph of a Stuka Assembly Line, Craftily Retouched by the Nazis to Resemble a Line of Skulls, Was Released in America by German Propaganda Agencies to Terrorize Workmen After Experiments on American "Psychological Guinea Pigs."

tories without batting an eye. Maybe this one reminds me that my draft number is as close to me as you are and some day one of these crates may be dropping confetti on my tin hat, I don't know."

Sam was wrong about what gave him the eerie feeling in the photograph. True, the thought of Nazis turning out dive bombers on an assembly line was disturbing enough. But he did not know that the device which gave him the creeps was as primitive as an African witch doctor's mask, and was, in fact, precisely such a mask as is used to rouse terror in the jungle.

The photograph showed long lanes of partly finished planes converging in the distance. The motor faces nearest the camera were photographed honestly enough. But those diminished by perspective had been retouched, skillfully, subtly. Little by little the squareness of the motor faces took on skull-like contour, small hollows were blacked in where eyes would be, leering mouth slits completed the effect.

Sam thought he was looking at airplane motors. He did not remember the African ceremonial mask he had looked at when Doc strapped a set of gadgets on his arm. If by chance he recollected he would not have associated it with the photograph of a modern factory. But his nerves did, and they "crept," even if Sam's consciousness gave another reason why he felt as he did. Fourteen million other Sam Hubbels who saw the photograph realized as little as he why they were so disturbed by it.

But it added to the feeling in America that "the Hitler boy is hard to beat!" And it helped

him disregard the signs that the Japanese peril to this country was coiling to strike. Psychological decomposition was at work in Morale Zone Three.

Doc Pearson was a spy, though it would have been a curious interpretation of the Espionage Act to make it a prison offense to pump Sam Hubbel, as Doc did, on the Red Sox and the Dodgers, on Hitler, Roosevelt and Churchill, on the rising cost of meat and on changes in the draft laws. Sam's views were as much a secret as the weather. But in modern war the civilian is as important to a nation's effort as the man in uniform, and to wreck civilian nerves is as good a way to win a war as bombing an army.

Doc Pearson was working on American nerves both for Germany and Japan, and he had as much reason to take precautions as if he were spying on artillery replacements. Experienced in espionage, he did not let himself be lulled into a sense of security just because no one but Sam Hubbel seemed to be interested in him. He knew that it is standard practice for counter-espionage agents to let a suspected spy have plenty of rope before they hang him. So Doc tried out a test that is also standard practice for spies in such circumstances.

He put together a pile of important looking documents and laid them in the bottom drawer of his dresser under a lot of laundry. Then he told his landlady he was off to Duluth for a week. He did go to Duluth and came back at the end of the week. His first act was to go into his bedroom and open the dresser drawer where he had planted the papers.

At first sight they seemed untouched. Never-

Here Today Are Unmasked the Hidden Weapons Aimed at Sabotaging American Minds and Morale, Just as the Axis Psychologists Did So Suc- cessfully in Some Other Countries — With Upset- ting Rumors and Long- Studied Patterns for Causing Panic



Major General Hans von Voos, Who Directs Hitler's Psychological Warfare Against the Thoughts and Minds of the Devent Peoples of the Earth.



Every Day These Nazi Loudspeakers Bombarded the Defenders of the Maginot Line With Intimate Information Gathered by the Department of Psychological Warfare. The Department of Psychological Warfare Discovers and Discovers the Mental Disposition Set In and Prepared the Way for France's Collapse.



to five million Republicans and Democrats, and another five million Communists, all his enemies.

Nearly two million of all these he has since ploughed under. Four million have turned Nazi. The rest are lying low. It is the special job of the Gestapo to ferret out those who heel Hitler with hand and lip but not in their hearts. By this time most of these have learned to dodge the old traps the Gestapo has used. So the Department of Defense Psychology of the Abteilung der Kriegspsychologie is constantly called upon for new devices to catch Germans who do not love Hitler.

The tough-minded and ingenious gentlemen of the Abteilung know just what tensile strength there is in friendship, in love between parent and child, in the universal compassion people feel for others who are in profound trouble, and of these human ties they weave many a noose for the unwary.

In an Augsburg, Germany, kindergarten for instance the teacher of a class of seven-year-old youngsters asked:

"How many of you children heard Herr Goebbels on the radio last night?"

All but one small girl raised their hands. The teacher turned to the child who did not. "Anna, why did you not hear it? Did I not tell you yesterday it was obligatory for all loyal Germans to listen to that broadcast? Did not your father know from the newspapers, from the radio in the shop where he works, from the loudspeakers on almost

every street corner that he must listen to Herr Goebbels' speech!"

The child was speechless with fright. She had unwittingly betrayed her father. Even if she had the presence of mind to lie it would have done her no good, for the teacher would hold a quiz on the Goebbels speech and the child's effort would be quickly found out.

Ann's father was an overworked bookkeeper, exhausted after a day's work. His wife was dead, in his household there was only his small daughter, and he thought it was safe for him to go to bed early before the Goebbels broadcast. He forgot that in Germany today it is a school teacher's duty to learn from his pupils—what goes on in the privacy of the home. He paid for his mistake next day. He was sent off to a punitive camp and the child was taken from him. The sentence was only four months, but while in prison the father caught pneumonia and Anna never saw him again.

The two came to trouble because the father did not listen to the radio.

For many in Germany who do listen to broadcasts coming from abroad, the penalty is death that does not wait five months and the mishap of pneumonia. Nevertheless many Germans, worried to the point of sleeplessness because they hear only one side of what is going on in the world war, risk their lives and listen to foreign broadcasts. To circumvent professional enoipers, in former neighbors and others who might hear by accident they resort to a variety of devices.

The most common is to let one radio blare forth broadcasts from Nazi stations, while a midget radio in the bedroom is tuned down to a whisper which tells them what the domestic stations do not. To keep Germans from hearing foreign stations radios in Nazi lands are manufactured so that reception is limited to domestic stations. To increase the receptivity of these midget radios, however, many Germans secretly hook their aerials to bed-springs and wires hidden in picture mouldings that take in the whole room.

The Gestapo knows there is much bootleg listening, has been hard put to it to think up new ways of catching the criminals, and turned to the Abteilung for ideas. One of these recently shocked the world. Eric Volk was second mate on a German freighter that tried to run the British blockade. On its way



Decomposition of Morale In and Behind It Rather Than Direct Attack Finally Broke the Maginot Line. Nevertheless the Nazis Issued a Propaganda Film "Victory in the West," Hoping to Undermine World Morale by Showing How the "Storming of the Maginot Line" Was Done. Their Purpose Was Unmasked When This Picture From the Film Was Shown to Have Been Taken During Maneuvers and Published in American Newspapers as Such Two Years Before.

theless he carefully raised page seven of a typewritten manuscript he'd left at the top of the pile. His face must have turned white as he did so. Resting on page eight was a fake memorandum he had made on a third of a sheet of typewriting paper. He had so placed it that the top of the memorandum was exactly level with the bottom of line nine on page eight. To make sure it would not slip from its place he used a minute dab of library paste.

Now the memorandum was unstick and the top rested at a slight angle to line ten. Someone had been at his papers, and by morning Doc was gone without troubling to take his gadgets along.

IN Belgium just before war struck, a colleague of Doc's named Dessauer, was working on a Flemish peasant much as Doc worked on Sam Hubbel. Andre Bruges was as typical of three and a half million other peasants in Flanders as Sam was typical of his kind. Dessauer posed as a Dutch beet-raiser, made acquaintance of Andre seemingly by accident the two chatted on everything from sugar to Blitzkrieg. The probable invasion of Belgium by Hitler was of course uppermost in their minds and Andre said: "With God's help we will win back!"

With God's help anyone can win," Dessauer said. "But has He given you any sign that He is on your side?"

Andre told him of several mystic happenings that were being interpreted by millions like as omens of disaster for the Germans. Chief of them was the report that a fiery cross in heavens was seen in Germany several nights of late. "And everybody knows what that is—disaster!" Andre said.

But suppose the fiery cross were seen over us?" Dessauer asked.

It won't be seen over Belgium!" Andre said.

Several days later a psychologist on the staff of the Department of Psychological Warfare and Intelligence in Berlin met with an expert in theatre and a manufacturer of powerful electrical motors. At that time of the year lowly winds bring rain over Flanders. Andre was used to it.

Now he found something unusual about them. seemed to give off a dull glow, as if fire were up in the heart of the clouds. Sure enough low became brighter, began to take form and e's heart misbehaved. A fiery rod appeared e sky, another crossed it at right angles. Andre ran to ask others if they saw what he

saw. They did and were as badly affected as Andre. All over that Flemish country agitated peasants stared at the sign in the heavens. For a whole week, every night the clouds hung low, fiery crosses showed on them. The Department of Psychological Warfare of the German General Staff was at work.

Long ago Julius Caesar, on his march of conquest over eastern Europe, said, "Strong are the Belgians!" He meant they were indomitable in spirit. But a fighter, no matter how strong in morale, fights more poorly if he is convinced beforehand that he is beaten. Belgian civilians and those in uniform would fight, but the conviction that God sided with them was shaken.

Nevertheless Dessauer had to deal with the spirit in Andre that made the peasant say: "Fiery cross or not we'll fight the Germans if they come!" "Of course you will!" Dessauer said. Then his voice lowered. "But if the fight should go against you, why die needlessly? Why not do as your people did in the First World War, pretend surrender, then pick them off!"

"They're not such fools, the Germans, as in the other war," Andre shrugged. "They won't trust our play-acting."

"They'll believe this," Dessauer said. Out of his pocket he took a small Belgian flag an inch by two and a half. Across the center a small swastika was stamped. Dessauer explained: "There are German agents in the country disguised as Belgians. These little flags are given them to show when the army marches in. I have managed to buy two. Sew this on the inside of your sleeve, as I will sew mine. Then if things go against you this little flag will save your life for the time when you can get back at them."

A million and a half such flags were sewed inside Belgian coats! This does not mean that these Belgians did not fight in defense of their country. It does mean that when the fight began to go badly the poisonous presence of those little flags bred the feeling, "Why die needlessly?"

So the Belgians deserted their Allies on the field of battle and made a separate peace with the man who replaced artillery preparation with the psychological decomposition of the enemy.

When Hitler spoke of the psychological decomposition of the enemy he had in mind not only those in other countries but many inside Germany itself. For when he crushed republican Germany there were seven and a half million Socialists and trade unionists, some four

5 Relaxers

These Old Yoga Exercises Look Hard But They're Really Simple—Try 'Em (If Your Doctor Doesn't Object) and Watch Your Cheeks Bloom With Color, Feel Your Spine and Muscles Limber Up and Those Jittery Nerves Just Fade Away

No. 1—The "Sirshasana"—the Beginning of the Headstand. Rest Your Head On a Cushion Placed a Foot From the Wall. The Second Step of This Exercise Which Gives the Body Poise and Has a Tonic Effect On the Muscles and Nerves Is to Draw the Knees Up Until They Rest On the Elbows.

WORRIED about the war? Tense from taxes? Got a double case of the jitters and screaming wiles? Don't go mope— as one says South of the Rio Grande (It really means nuts to you) Take a tip from Betty Atkinson who has a bag of tricks a thousand years old.

Betty is the world's champion drum majorette. She's led so many parades that it's a wonder she doesn't have an everlasting hot foot.

Although she's only 18 years old, Betty has crammed into her life 10 years of professional dancing, 5 years of baton twirling and 2 years of daredevil ice-skating in the show, "It Happens On Ice," in New York.

All of which would drive the ordinary mortal berserk—but Betty doesn't let her strenuous jobs get her down. She knows the secret of relaxing.

But relaxing is no simple thing like flopping into bed with a book. It took Betty months to find quiet balance and self-discipline and she follows the way of the old Yoga exercises of India.

The exercises are easy to perform, but unless you know how, they may prove dangerous. It is advisable to have a teacher, though Betty learned her lessons from books on the subject.

Betty shows you a few simple beginners in the pictures on this page. They're no short cut to Nirvana, to Betty as they are to the Hindus, but they do stimulate meditation. And they have a tonic effect on the body. (But be sure to ask your doctor if it's all right for you to try them before you do try them.)

At the top of the page Betty is preparing for the headstand. It gives the body poise and limbers up the nerves and muscles. It has many names but is usually known as the "Sirshasana."

There are three easy stages to it and don't try any short cuts until you have mastered the first two steps.

Betty learned by placing a cushion against the wall, so that if she lost her balance she would have support. Although the cushion is not shown in the picture, it should be placed a foot from the wall on the floor so that the head can rest on it.

The second step is to draw the knees up until they rest on the elbows. Now, you are actually standing on your head, although your legs are not extended upwards. Try this several times until your balance is perfect.

Lift the legs slowly up from the knees. You may lose your balance a few times, but each time raise a little higher. Keep on raising the legs until they are straight up.

Don't stay in this position longer than a few seconds. Even if you topple over remember there is always the wall to break your fall and the soft cushion under your head to protect the gray cells.

The picture shown in the center of the page, running from bottom to top, shows the final position of the headstand, or how it will look to your envious friends. Take this exercise in easy stages over a period of a week or longer. Then see how your complexion changes. Those sallow cheeks may become as rosy as a baby's. Try it and see.

The Sirshasana has become a featured part of many beauty courses just for this reason. In India, the Yogis stand on their heads like this for hours and days at a time. One minute will work wonders on a Blue Monday and five minutes will give you a surplus of stars in your eyes.

If you get bored against the wall, wiggle your toes or make funny faces. If you get too bored, dispense with the wall and try it out in the middle of the room. Put your mattress on the floor or pile up the sofa cushions. Even if you fall, it will only amount to a somersault.

When you stand on your feet again you may feel giddy and have a tendency to weave. This is the reaction of the blood flowing away from the head. But when it's gone you'll feel lots better, says Betty. F. Yeats-Brown in his book on Yoga likens the exercise to washing the brain, which is exactly what it does. It dusts up those cobwebs and refreshes jaded nerves like an all-day sleep.

No. 2—The Elbow Stand or Tiger Position. Lie Flat On Your Face On the Floor. Then Raise the Body Up So That It Rests On the Elbows. Shift the Balance Forward to the Head and Shoulders. Lift One Leg at a Time as High as Possible. Then Both Legs Until They Are Extended in an Arc Over the Body.

No. 3—The Complete Headstand. After Placing the Knees On the Elbows Lift the Legs Slowly Up From the Knees. Keep On Raising the Legs Until They Are Straight Above the Head. Even If You Topple Over Remember There Is a Cushion and a Wall to Break Your Fall.

On the left center of the page Betty shows an elbow stand or tiger position.

The best way to get in practice for this is to lie flat on your face on the floor. Lift the fore part of the trunk by resting it on the elbows. Bring one foot off the floor at a time, stretching it as high in the air as possible. Gradually shift the balance of the body to the head and shoulders.

Then try bringing both legs off the floor at a time. In time, the elbows will support all the weight of the trunk and the legs can be brought to an arc over the body.

A truly simple relaxer is the one shown at the right center of the page.

Sit on the floor with the legs straight out. Draw one leg in until you are sitting on your ankle. Shift the other leg so that it stretches out behind.

Bring the arms up so that the forearms form a straight line. Breathe deeply and regularly. Shift the legs so that they are in positions reverse to what they were before. Rock the body to and fro. The spine and shoulders benefit from this.

A variation of this is shown at the lower right corner. This position is really a preparation for the "padmasana" or lotus seat, not shown on the page. The position is simple enough to explain itself from the photograph.

In all these relaxers one thing is important. To avoid getting winded.

There is one simple experiment in breath control which anyone can try.

Breathe in deeply. Hold the breath for as long as possible. Breathe out rapidly. Try this for five minutes. It gives the feeling of growing taller.

When Betty first took up Yoga she was particularly interested in breath control. Acrobatic dancing and ice-skating requires a lot of it. Now, after her Yoga, she says the difficult feats which she performs scarcely affect her breathing control at all.

Which all goes to show that the Yoga may have something which Americans can put to practical advantage.

Nirvana may be in the next room, who knows?

No. 4—A Simple Relaxer. Sit On the Floor, One Leg Under the Body, the Other Extended. Raise the Arms So That the Forearms Form a Straight Line. Shift the Weight Back and Forth and Breathe Deeply.

No. 5—An Easy Exercise Which Explains Itself. Try to Keep the Arm Extended as Long as Possible and Shift the Position From Side to Side. Lean Forward and Back as Far as Balance Will Permit.

(Continued from Page 8)

taxi driver's list of revenge. There was a bottle of Scotch, some soda water and glasses on a little movable bar in the corner. Even if Karen didn't need a drink, I did.

I poured myself one with a hand that was none too steady. It was one of the most sensible things I'd done that evening.

XX

WHEN I went out I was startled by David Rowley who halted me in the gathering dark. "I waited for you, Westlake," he said.

He had shed the city clothes which he had worn to the inquest that morning and was attired in a pair of blue jeans and an old hunting shirt. His youthful face was pale. His eyes looked worried.

"Westlake... He stopped and began again. "There's something I want to ask you. It's probably crazy. But there doesn't seem to be anyone else I can go to."

"What is it?" I asked. Rowley gave a rather pallid grin. "It's about Norma," he said inevitably. "This afternoon I had to go over to the barn and there were a couple of men. One of them was examining the ladder we used for the Christmas trees yesterday. The other had a coil of electrical wire that had been left over when we were through."

He started at me urgently. "They wouldn't tell me what they were doing. They just said it was the inspector's orders. But that doesn't make sense unless..."

He stopped. When he spoke again he sounded embarrassed. "There isn't anything about the accident that didn't come out at the inquest, is there? I thought if anyone knew it would be you."

So Cobb's men had found the wire used to kill Norma. It seems, "he went on nervously, "the only explanation for the men to be snooping around. And yet I can't believe..."

Perhaps I was over-reaching my authority, but I felt the time had come when it would be more profitable to talk frankly to at least one member of the family.

"As a matter of fact you're right," I said. "We've been keep-

ing it quiet but there is a lot more to it than they brought out at the inquest."

He stiffened. "You mean that wire was involved?" he hazarded. "It had been left on the drive and Monarch tripped over it or..."

"It's worse than that."

"Worse?"

"Definitely." I let him have it then. "Cobb and I believe that Norma was deliberately murdered."

I told him about the stretched wire, the exact mechanics of the crime. He listened in a queer kind of a stunned way—as if the words had no meaning for him. When I was through, he faltered:

"But Westlake, that's incredible."

"But it's true."

"It can't be. How can it possibly be true? Who—who would have any reason for wanting to kill Norma?"

"Can't you think of a reason?" I asked quietly. "Francis Hale was able to right away."

"Francis Hale?" Rowley squared his shoulders. "What's Hale go to do with this?"

"He volunteered a motive," I said. I could tell Rowley was on his guard, dunking Mr. Hale and everything about him intensely.

"A motive that includes you," I added. "Perhaps you could check on it. Your firm handles the Ship-ton trust fund, doesn't it?"

I outlined to him what Hale had told me about the nature of old Mr. Ship-ton's will and the clause concerning the grandchildren.

"So you see," I concluded, "that was Francis Hale's slant on the case. Norma was not to be married. Norma was on the verge of becoming her and twenty thousand dollars a year out of the common fund. Norma was murdered."

Rowley still seemed half dazed. "You—you mean Hale said that Peris and Grace would benefit if any of the children died?"

"Sure," I said. "And you and the Judge, too, indirectly, through your wives. That's in the will, isn't it?"

His hands went out in a helpless little gesture. "Either Hale's an imbecile or he's a dirty scoundrel mongering swine. There's no clause like that in Ship-ton's will."

It was my turn to stare then. "Then what...?"

"What happens to Norma's twenty thousand a year?" Rowley gave a short laugh. "The same thing that happened when Jimmie Salter died. Each time a grandchild dies, his or her twenty thousand dollars is divided up between the grandchildren that are left. Jimmie's was to have been divided up between Norma and Karen. Now the whole lot was to go to Karen when she married or when she marries."

Rowley gave a harsh little laugh. "So much for Hale's murder motive, Westlake. Karen's the only one who benefits. Unless of course you're expecting her to be murdered too."

He said that as if it were something too crazy even for me to consider. "I don't know, the prospect didn't seem crazy at all."

We stood there in the thickening darkness. It was Rowley who finally spoke. "You shouldn't put attention



"He Started to Write a Note. It Was Funny Because He Kept His Gloves On." Said Dawn, in Describing to Dr. Westlake Later, the Actions of Her Mysterious Visitor.

to anything Hale says, Westlake. He's always been a charlatan, getting by on his own wits and other people's money. He said this murder idea into your head, didn't he? It's typical of him. Probably thought it was amusing to kid the local police."

He paused and added urgently: "There must be some other explanation for the wire. Maybe someone put it there for a perfectly legitimate reason and—after the accident, realized what he happened, trying to get it from coming out. Of course it was an accident."

"But it can't be an accident," I said. "Apart from anything else, it makes much too many coincidences. Norma dying just before her wedding. Jimmie Salter dying just after his engagement to Karen."

Rowley gripped my arm. "You don't mean to tell me you think Jimmie was murdered, too?" he said incredulously.

"That's the idea."

"But that's even more fantastic. How could Jimmie die in an accident?"

"What sort of an accident?" "An automobile accident."

Rowley stood there silent for a moment and then delivered the knock-out blow of that very elusive encounter. "Jimmie Salter," he said, "died in New York. It happened in a taxi accident. He was killed in a taxi."

"A taxi?"

"That was too much for me. I tried to cling on to something tangible, something I could bring out as a rational question. But, just as I started to speak, an auto roared up and Mrs. Bromp-ton-Hale stepped out followed by her husband who held out his hand to Rowley."

"Here we are, David," he said with a comic lilt to his voice. "Your two favorite Christmas guests."

"Darling, it's lovely to see you," Mrs. Bromp-ton-Hale swept past her husband and kissed Rowley on both cheeks. "It's so nice to be here. And we're going to do our utmost to make Christmas as cheerful as possible. I'm

switched the conversation. "I mean to tell you. While you were out a patient came."

"I wasn't going to let her get away with that. 'People who snoo...' I began."

"He was a funny patient," Dawn perished. "He seemed awfully eager to see you and he wore white gloves."

"Patient or no patient..." "I'd never seen him before. He must have been from out of town. And he sat down and smoked still wearing his gloves. And because I didn't want you to lose a patient, I did my best to entertain him."

With a sly infiltration of propaganda, she added: "I showed him my ski catalog and told him exactly the pair I hoped to get for Christmas—perhaps. But he doesn't approve of young girls skiing, he said. He said there could be awful ski accidents like the one could be awful horseback riding accidents. And he asked me whether I had heard of a girl being killed in a fall from a horse yesterday. He meant Norma Hale, of course. And..."

"And what?" I put in, suddenly interested.

"And he went on talking about it. Said he'd heard the horse was very wild and did I know anything. And of course I thought about the wire and..."

I was uneasy then. "Dawn, you didn't tell him about the wire?"

"My daughter's eyes widened slightly. 'Shush! I did. You see, he went on about saying how Monarch was known to be a mean, dangerous horse. And I

RIDDLE in RED



simply frozen. I want a drink to warm me up. Let's dash inside."

Either the Hales didn't see me or they decided that I wasn't a nice person to know. In any case, they paid me no attention. Almost, they started dragging Rowley back toward the house.

I stood there quite stupidly. I saw the door shut behind them. Then I got into the car and started down the drive.

One sentence alone echoed and re-echoed in my ears. "Jimmie Salter had died in a taxi..."

As I drove home, that fact loomed in my mind, dwarfing all the other startling developments which my latest visit at Fallow-field had brought to light.

Here was another tie-up with the "taxi driver." The taxi driver with the beady eyes and the twisted lip who was becoming more and more crucially important in the case. The taxi driver whom I had eliminated as a myth!

I arrived home, put the car in the garage and went upstairs to change. As I reached the landing I was conscious of a furtive scurrying and saw my daughter slipping unobtrusively out of my bedroom.

"Hi, what have you been doing in my room?" I called remembering the Christmas goldfish smuggled there.

Dawn's eyes shone with a blissful light which gave away completely. Then, not being able to contain herself any longer, she breathed, "I fed them. I gave them some ants' eggs. Oh, Daddy, the silver one! It's the most beautiful fish I ever saw."

Before I could say a word she

knew it wasn't true and I didn't like people to be unfair to Monarch. So I—I just explained about the wire I'd seen. And what you and Mr. Cobb thought."

My heart sank. I couldn't do anything about it, of course. I couldn't even blame my daughter. She had no way of knowing the crucial importance of the wire. And yet with that information in her possession, a prying stranger or an unethical newspaper man might do any amount of damage. I had visions of lurid headlines in the local papers.

Trying to sound casual, I said: "What was his name? What did he look like?"

"Oh, he didn't give his name." "Dawn shot a languishing glance at the closed door of my bedroom. "But he was kind of small and gray looking in old clothes with the white gloves and little beady eyes."

Beady eyes...! Something was happening to me inside, something very disturbing. I watched her in fascinated apprehension.

"And Daddy, I could tell from the beguiling look that he was a patient because there was something wrong with him."

My daughter's rapid gaze was still fixed on the door that divided her from the goldfish. "It was his mouth. It was..."

"I guess he came because he wanted you to straighten it for him or something. You see, his top lip..." Dawn paused as if she had sensed my interest and was deliberately building up to her shattering climax. "His top lip was all out of line, crooked. And he looked awfully funny when he smiled..."

AND I had proved to myself and to the Inspector that the

MacDuff takes a puff

by O. Soglow

THAT REMINDS ME, JENKINS, THERE'S NO BITE IN GOOD KENTUCKY CLUB TOBACCO



Jenkins, you're seeing things. Why so? I wonder what could cause it...

A skeleton? My goodness, no. They're always in a cleft.

Kentucky Club will calm your fright, That bite-less pipe sensation, Its all-white burley keeps it right. That's no hallucination!

My daughter's eyes widened slightly. "Shush! I did. You see, he went on about saying how Monarch was known to be a mean, dangerous horse. And I

★ ILONA MASSEY, STARRING IN EDWARD SMALL'S "INTERNATIONAL AD"



Says Ilona Massey: "When cameras roll close, my skin has to be super-smooth. So every night, I have a Beauty Nightcap. And the 'magic' in this Nightcap is Woodbury Cold Cream. My complexion says, 'There's no cream like it!'"

Every night, Ilona swirls on Woodbury to cleanse her skin marvelously. She loves the way Woodbury's

special beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. Then, removing this cream, she applies a fresh film for all-night softening. An exclusive ingredient acts to purify Woodbury constantly, faithfully, so it's cream you can trust. "Try it nightly," says Ilona, "to have a complexion that every woman wants... every man adores."

Try Ilona's beauty secret. Today, get Woodbury Cold Cream—you'll love it! Large jar 50c. 10c. 1/2c. 1/4c. 1/8c. 1/16c. 1/32c. 1/64c. 1/128c. 1/256c. 1/512c. 1/1024c. 1/2048c. 1/4096c. 1/8192c. 1/16384c. 1/32768c. 1/65536c. 1/131072c. 1/262144c. 1/524288c. 1/1048576c. 1/2097152c. 1/4194304c. 1/8388608c. 1/16777216c. 1/33554432c. 1/67108864c. 1/134217728c. 1/268435456c. 1/536870912c. 1/1073741824c. 1/2147483648c. 1/4294967296c. 1/8589934592c. 1/17179869184c. 1/34359738368c. 1/68719476736c. 1/137438953472c. 1/274877906944c. 1/549755813888c. 1/1099511627776c. 1/2199023255552c. 1/4398046511104c. 1/8796093022208c. 1/17592186044416c. 1/35184372088832c. 1/70368744177664c. 1/140737488355328c. 1/281474976710656c. 1/562949953421312c. 1/1125899906842624c. 1/2251799813685248c. 1/4503599627370496c. 1/9007199254740992c. 1/18014398509481984c. 1/36028797018963968c. 1/72057594037927936c. 1/144115188075855872c. 1/288230376151711744c. 1/576460752303423488c. 1/1152921504606846976c. 1/2305843009213693952c. 1/4611686018427387904c. 1/9223372036854775808c. 1/18446744073709551616c. 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(Continued from Double Page)

from Run de Jone in to Germany. It was stopped by a British destroyer. As usual the Germans crumpled their ship the crew took to lifeboats and the destroyer landed them in England, where they were in jail.

As a result of the German press campaign, the British press was forced to publish a story about the sinking of the ship. The British press was forced to publish a story about the sinking of the ship. The British press was forced to publish a story about the sinking of the ship.

Manley was a very good man. He was a very good man. He was a very good man. He was a very good man. He was a very good man. He was a very good man.

Sensationally Startling Facts Prove You Have Been Paying Too Much For VITAMINS!

If you are a user of vitamins, you will find this advertisement of great interest. It tells you the facts about the value of vitamins and the cost of the vitamins you are now paying for. It tells you the facts about the value of vitamins and the cost of the vitamins you are now paying for.



mander of the prison camp. "You'll please get word to my wife that I am alive and healthy," he pleaded.

The commander saw a chance

to do a good deed for Eric and for England. He told the story to the British Broadcasting Company, which sent for Eric. That night an announcer of the British Broadcasting Company told the world of the shabby life the German press was perpetrating, and Eric himself said a few words over the microphone, sending a greeting to his wife and children.

At that night scores of Germans went sleepless, wrestling with conscience and fear. They had heard Kurt's greeting. They knew of Gretel's grief. If they tried to tell her that Kurt was alive they risked their lives. What to do?

Seven women and three men, all strangers to Gretel, decided to gamble on her humanity. One by one they stole to her home in the night and told her what they had heard on the radio.

One by one they were seized by the Gestapo. Eric, the mourning mother and the two children in her lap were all parts of an Abtelling strategy in Germany's psychological war.

IN THE early days of the "phony war" the officers at the French General Headquarters on the Saar-Moselle front were enraged when Germans stole across No-Man's Land and kidnapped their celebrated chef, Michel Jure.

One thought consoled them: "If those uncivilized cowards over there think that Michel will serve them in any way, no matter what they do to him, how mistaken they are!"

But they did not know the will operators of the Abtelling. Once in the German camp Michel was showered with attentions, eligar-

The Nazis Not Only Bombarded the French With Propaganda Before Battle But Afterward, Above, German Troopers Are Carrying a Loud Speaker Through Barbed Wire Entanglements to Throw a Dose of Lies at the Retreating French. (International Photo.)

At the Right, Is Andre Ohech, Traitorous Frenchman, Who Like Lord Haw Haw, Broadcast Propaganda Designed to Arouse Suspicion and Fear. (Acme Photo.)

ates, wine, and good food, though cooked of course by barbarians. Naturally he knew why he was singled out for appeasement by the Germans, and he made it clear from the start that he would not cater to the whims of his country.

On the fourth day of his capture a Captain Feldhaber sent himself to Michel.

"You don't know me, Main Jure," he said in excellent French, "but I know you. I remember every masterpiece I've tasted at your restaurant, rue d'Echele. You are a greater chef than anyone we have in Germany!"

"Michel's rosy face turned grim. 'Thank you, M. le Capitaine, but not even your compliments will induce me to serve you people!'" Captain Feldhaber nodded.

"Naturally. But it would give me great pleasure if you would only talk of your masterpieces. After all, one does live some what in one's memories!"

Such a plea Michel could not resist. He talked to this under-

What the Japs May Have Learned From the Nazis to Blast Nerves



"Everyone, flee for your lives!" The Germans are burning and slaying! Take to the roads!"

The result was that Allied troops found the roads clogged with panicking old men, women and children, sick and wounded civilians, mothers carrying infants in their arms, packs on their backs, weeping, dropping from exhaustion an error Allied troops could not advance over the bodies of their own people. But the Germans found no such difficulty. Their tanks had not as yet been used when the roads were covered with their own dead. They didn't stop when the roads were jammed with living enemies.

The problems handled by the Abtelling range as widely as the human psychology does, bombing being the Abtelling's study one day, guinea pigs the next.

Many people shrink from the use of guinea pigs by scientists in the experiment. The Abtelling's Division of Defense Psychology uses Germans as guinea pigs, individually and as "control groups."

In this division the psychology of the mob is studied along the lines suggested by the Frenchman, Gustave le Bon. Twelve "sample mobs" of Germans, each a unit of a thousand, each typical of a different element of the German population, have been set up by the Division of Defense Psychology, and the human guinea pigs know little or nothing of the experiment that are being made on them.

Some of the dead and wounded are sent back to their families! The Abtelling arranged a test on the Munster guinea pigs. They told them that trains of casualties from the Russian front were coming, bringing back Munster

The people of Munster gathered at the stations. The trains slowly moved in. Wounded men limped down the cars, were carried out on stretchers. Orders of dead were laid out on the station platforms to be identified by their kin. The observers from the Abtelling were on hand to study psychology.

The reactions were not promising. Hitler had promised his people that world conquest would be bloodless for Germany. Little or nothing was to be gained. A deep groundswell of emotion shuddered through them. There were shrieks of grief and cries of rage.

Against whom, the experts of the Abtelling asked themselves? Their trained orators, their voices magnified by loud speakers, roared:

"Ravages is already yours! The Russians have paid five for every one of our dead and wounded!" Women screamed back at them: "Will that bring back our dead? Or will you bring us more dead tomorrow?"

Poisedly, the Abtelling reported to the German High Command, no more German dead are to be brought back to Germany. Now that we are at war with Hitler we had best study the workings of German psychological warfare, and respect it.

We must respect it as a surgeon respects a malignant growth with which he must deal. We must realize the powerful use Hitler makes of psychology as a weapon in his war of nerves. We must study it.

And above all we must not lend the health of our national morale that Hitler's weapon against it will explode in his own hands.

Frenchmen became painfully on guard against Frenchmen. Soldier suspected soldier. Still more they suspected their superiors. Families back home had a new worry added to the known hazards of war—betrayal by Frenchmen in high places bought and paid for by the Germans.

Morale was ailing, discipline decayed. Hitler's technique of "psychological decomposition" was being administered by Abtelling.

Then in the night the war turned anything but phony. The Germans swept over the Dutch, Belgian and French borders. Stukas diving from the sky, their sirens shrieking, their bomb-shedding shudders through the earth; motorcycles, armored racing cars, whippet tanks, motor lorries crammed with helmeted infantry, then the swift but ponderous tanks, tore through the countryside, bombing cities, setting vast fires everywhere the eye turned.

Dutch, Belgians and French rushed troops to stop the onslaught. English forces raced across the Channel, avid to meet the German tanks. But they wanted was a clear way.

But over the air actors schooled by the Abtelling were broadcasting in Dutch, Flemish and French:

One Year from Today What Will You Be Earning?

This may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of the present business situation. The better you know the money market, the more you will be able to do for yourself. You should know the money market, the more you will be able to do for yourself. You should know the money market, the more you will be able to do for yourself.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
Dept. 191-R Chicago
Send me, free, the facts about the demands and opportunities in the money market. I will check about your training for that field.

Expert Bookkeeping Management
Expert Salesmanship Salesmanship
Expert Traffic Management Salesmanship
Expert C. R. Coaching Salesmanship
Expert Modern Education Salesmanship
Expert Law—L. B. Degree Salesmanship
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

DON'T LET SIMPLE PILES TORTURE YOU. GET PAZO FOR RELIEF!



SUCH A RELIEF FROM PAIN SUE, I USED PAZO!

Millions of people suffering from simple Piles find relief with PAZO ointment. Piles are a common ailment. Piles are a common ailment. Piles are a common ailment.

Just by Shampooing with Amazing Tint Cake

Just shampoo your hair with this amazing tint cake. It will give you a beautiful, natural-looking color. It will give you a beautiful, natural-looking color. It will give you a beautiful, natural-looking color.

SEND NO MONEY—WRITE TODAY!

Handy can't make home use—LOW PRICE

Ever Ready Oil!

"LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY OPERATION!"

In an instant I'm ready to tell you about my operation. I'm ready to tell you about my operation. I'm ready to tell you about my operation.

Must YOU CONCEAL LOVELY ARMS AND SHOULDERS because of

PSORIASIS

If so, try SIROL at once. Don't wait until next week but begin with it immediately! For the sooner you start with SIROL, the sooner may this problem be solved for you. SIROL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer surface of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROL does not enter the blood stream in any way with your daily routine. It is sold to you on a two-week satisfaction or money refunded basis.

If your life insurance agent were a mind reader



MAYBE IF YOUR LIFE insurance agent were a mind reader, he could be of even greater service to you than he is now.

However, because he is not a mind reader, the effectiveness with which he serves you and your family depends a good deal upon the information you give him about your personal and family affairs.

Perhaps, since you last talked with your agent, there has been a birth in your family. Maybe a son has begun to support himself. Or it may be increased income enables you to think

in a new way about your own future.

Suppose, for example, that your older children are no longer dependent

upon you. In such a case, you may wish to review your life insurance program and possibly elect a different method of settlement. To advise you properly, an agent must take many factors into account. Will your son or daughter need further financial aid in the future? Have your living expenses been reduced so that you can now plan more definitely to retire?

Your agent can assist you with these and similar questions in so far as they relate to life insurance. To help you best, his services must be personal services, based upon consideration of your individual needs and circumstances.

If you are a Metropolitan policyholder and feel that a change in your situation calls for a review of your policies, get in touch with your Metropolitan agent. If you will tell him what is in your mind, you will find him equipped to serve you efficiently and wisely; if necessary, he will enlist the help of Metropolitan's Home Office.

Your agent's services are always available without additional charge of any kind. He will consider it a privilege to have you call him. Or, if you prefer, get in touch with your Metropolitan District Office.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Baker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

This is Number 45 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Got cold?

Do cigarettes all seem flat? Prescribe **KODLS** for yourself! That refreshing touch of menthol makes your mouth feel cooler, leaves your throat feeling clearer. **KODLS** are now down to popular prices. And the coupon on each pack is good in the U.S.A. for premiums!

SWITCH TO KODLS



New Vicks Inhaler Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds



When your nose stuffs up from a cold, get faster breathing comfort—quick—with the new handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes the nose feel clearer in seconds. And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

To relieve misery, rub **CHEST** ointment on Vicks VapoRub. In post-nasal congestion, soothe coughs, muscular aches or rheumatism, (loosens phlegm, brings comfort. **VICKS** VapoRub.)

SMART FASHIONS FOR MILADY!

THE easy-to-use dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of **THE AMERICAN WEEKLY** keep the season's newest styles within reach of all discerning women readers. Look for the smart patterns in this issue!

DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many reports improve to health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare, wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the ages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by the meager power mind, lies within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of anything, of accomplishing the most amazing feats, of success in many fields.

Citrus Fruits Banish Fatigue

HOLIDAYS have come and gone, and those who feasted too well may wonder how to explain a feeling of fatigue. Right after festive occasions are one of those times when indulgence in excessive and hearty eating habits may tend to make the body abnormally less alkaline than it should be. The normal, healthy body maintains a rather constant level of mild alkalinity. Any over-indulgence in some foods tends to create an imbalance of acid condition in the blood and tissues of the body. This condition may be evidenced by feelings of tiredness, "lowness," sick-headache, irritation, etc. An acid system offers less resistance to the gangster germs who lie in wait for just such unprotected intervals. It has been proved by experimental squads of students that colds, influenza, grippe, and other ills are more likely to take hold of the body which is on the acid, rather than mildly on the alkaline side.

If we wish to get over holiday indulgence in eating, and get over more to the alkaline side, we would be wise to use plentiful one of Nature's most wholesome food acids—the juices of the citrus group of fruits. And

that means grapefruit, lemons, lemons, oranges, tangerines, all now at the height of their season for both quality and reasonable cost. Natural fruit acids, strangely enough, become alkaline in the human system. As has been pointed out many times by nutritionists, doctors, and other experts, all the citrus fruits rate as first class sources of Vitamin C. Even before the reason was known, when lemon juice was given generously to seamen on sailing ships who subsisted largely on dried and salted meats, their scurvy was lessened by their physical energy and joint disorders were immediately remedied. Modern athletes seek lemons or orange during their rest periods. If the fatigued "occasional worker" (such as office worker, home-maker, school-child) takes a glass of orange juice, or a portion of grapefruit with the juice of half a lemon, or citrus juice in combination with Vitamin C, it is a most rapid "come-back" from fatigue and the general "low" characteristic of too much acid.

And who would not want to take and enjoy such alkalizers? Citrus juices are tangy, refresh-

ing, flavorful, and the very golden color seems symbolic of the sun, and its health gifts to mankind. With patent and ingenious extractors and juicing gadgets on the market, it is simpler to squeeze the juice from several oranges than it is to fry the proverbial breakfast egg. Not only juice, but fruit pulp, should give the home-maker suggestion for Winter salads and desserts. Better than many other fruits, the citrus lends itself to use in creaming or separating naturally into pleasing gouda-shaped sections. In a fruit-cup, as a salad-appetizer, or a combination fruit and vegetable salad, the citrus excels at this time of the year. After the holiday surfeit of cake, pie and too much candy, the all-citrus dessert is a welcome change which should be served often. Or, offer the juices alone or blended flavorfully, as a delicious sherbet, easiest desert of all to make to the woman with an automatic refrigerator. Turn the juice mixture into your trays, stir once or twice, and there is your all-pure fruit drink in its most welcome form. Citrus sherbet, of course, is almost always allowed the patient suffering from cold or flu, and children, weak and sick, usually can be given it with safety. Lemonade is a drink not by any means restricted to the good old summertime. In the first place, a good hot lemonade, and a warm bed, are staple, effective additions to anti-cold remedies to offer a person who is tired, chilly, coming down with sniffles or distressed.

Again, the sparkling natural fruit lemon beverage, to which carbonated water is added at the last, is just about the per-

fect light drink when other richer and more heady beverages have been overly indulged in. While the glass of orange juice has become standard equipment at the average breakfast, there is much to be said in favor of using orange juice, or any other citrus juice, between meals—say at the 10:30 and the 3:30 mid-periods. When taken alone, the juice is absorbed and assimilated most rapidly, and, if combined with either milk, or the beaten yolk of a raw egg, it yields a drink of the fastest "pick-up" type. At this season, too, having noted their added poundage after the holidays, many women start reducing by following a sound diet, and perhaps taking baths, exercise or combinations of all. In some circles it's the fashionable thing to start a beauty course right after the holidays. With a specially-adjusted diet, regulated exercise and a few Turkish baths, there is a notable improvement, not only in weight reduction, but in appearance and better spirits. In all such health programs, citrus fruits may play an important part. The juice of a lemon in hot water before breakfast is new-fashioned as well as an old favorite trick; a mid-morning glass of orange juice is the perfect preventive of that bugaboo "shopper's headache"; while many schools of thought insist that grapefruit juice, taken just before retiring, helps sleep and pleasant dreams. Citrus fruits are good—they are good for you. Are you sure that in this January "go-ahead" following the "holiday high," your family is keeping its healthy acid-alkaline balance?

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET



When you eat in haste you often upset at leisure—with a sour, unpleasant stomach—gas pains—or simple distress.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh purgatives. Take Pepsin-Bismol, a gentle, soothing, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. Take it, too, to help retard intestinal fermentation and gas formation. Get a bottle of your doctor's.

Pepsin-Bismol

It is the most famous of the **THE AMERICAN WEEKLY** is read by one out of every family in the United States.

RIDDLE IN RED

(Continued from Page 13)

note. It was funny because he kept the gloves on and he held the pencil in a nothing way and sort of printed. And he'd finished, he folded it and he looked at me and he smiled and he put his hand on my arm and he said: "I'll give you a quarter, young lady. If you come down the stairs with me and don't tell a soul at the house where the Rowleys live."

Thoughts were jumping around my head like wild crackers. Had that note merely been a ruse to try to lure Dawn out of the house—Dawn, whose evidence about the stretched wire might prove to be of such crucial importance? Or had Albert Williams really wanted a messenger to take some communication to someone at Fallowfield? I felt a little dizzy.

Dawn was watching me now with a faintly self-righteous expression. "Of course I didn't go, Daddy. Because I knew you wouldn't want me to leave the house when there might be other patients who'd come. So I said I was very sorry."

"And he left?" "She nodded. "He—he even offered fifty cents but I said no. You see, it wasn't only the patients," she paused, added with devastating frankness, "It was the fish, Daddy. I knew I wasn't supposed to see them before Christmas but I just had to go back upstairs and be with the silver one again before you got home."

I could hardly catch her then—when her absorbing interest in the goldfish alone had saved her from the unangry terror of Albert Williams.

"So he went," my daughter was saying. "He got up, put the note in his pocket, and he said, 'Well, I guess I'll have to take it myself.' And went."

"Did he have a car?" "No. He went on foot. I saw

him walking off down the drive."

Now that I had heard the story, I felt a relief at my daughter's escape all through me like a soothing hot toddy. Dawn was safe. There was nothing way and sort of printed. And he'd finished, he folded it and he looked at me and he smiled and he put his hand on my arm and he said: "I'll give you a quarter, young lady. If you come down the stairs with me and don't tell a soul at the house where the Rowleys live."

I said suddenly, firmly: "Stay here, Dawn. Don't go out. If ever you see that man again—have nothing to do with him. See?" Then, as a magnificent gesture, I added, "And if you like you can pretend it's Christmas and see as much of the goldfish as you want to."

With a whoop of delight my daughter dashed into my bedroom. Definitely without a whisper of delight I dashed downstairs to telephone Cobb and tell him the hot news.

But the Inspector was neither at the station nor at his home. I left urgent messages to have him call me and then had a moment of feeling indecisive. It didn't last long. It was obvious what had to be done next.

Albert Williams had gone to Fallowfield—with a note for someone there. It was essential to catch up with him. Since Cobb was unavailable, I would have to do it myself. I hurried into a coat, snatched a hat and hurried out to the garage. Within a couple of minutes I was heading the car down the drive.

Back toward Fallowfield. The headlights splashed a path of light across the dark road ahead. I kept my eyes peeled for a glimpse of a small, furtive figure. Not that I had much hope of seeing him. If I knew where Williams habitually would almost certainly have taken a cross-country course to the Rowleys' holiday, he had more than an hour's start ahead of me. By now he had probably been at Fallowfield some time.

Delivering a note. That, of course, was the crux of the matter. If that note had been more than a ruse to lure Dawn out of the house, it involved someone at Fallowfield with the taxi driver. Who? Inevitably I thought of Toni. I remembered that sinister sentence of the taxi driver's which Libby Brompton had recorded in her letter to Norma: "You, and after you the other two."

The other two? Libby and Norma were both gone now. If the taxi driver were pursuing his obscure revenge to its relentless end, everything would point now to an attack on the last of those red-headed girls who had figured so weirdly in Albert Williams' career.

Toni—Karen—. Was that the explanation? In my anxiety I increased my speed to something wild and law-breaking. I even gave up looking for a well-lit figure. If I was right, this was the moment of mortal danger for Karen.

I swooped into the Rowleys' drive and plunged up toward the house. I didn't really know what I was going to do. With the help of the police and the Fallowfield in an ambiguous state, I could hardly dash into the house and shout: "The taxi driver's after Karen. Whatever happens we've got to protect her."

In the first place, none of them

was supposed to know that any murderous taxi driver existed.

I drew up outside the front door. Still more emotional than prepared I jumped out. I strode toward the stone steps and then stopped dead.

Because, standing under the little portico, illuminated by the light from the open front door behind her, was a tall female figure. I recognized her at once as Mrs. Martha Hale. She had recognized me, too. She was standing there very tense, her curious, smart face with its white skin and prominent nose frozen in an expression of puzzled uneasiness.

There was a piece of paper in her hand.

When I came up to her she flinched uncertainly with the paper, as if she couldn't make up her mind whether to hide it from me or not. Then with a sharp edge in her voice she said:

"Doctor Westlake, you—you didn't see Karen out there on the road?"

"Karen?" That got my apprehension going again. "Why, no. What's the matter? Has anything happened to her?"

"I don't know." She was looking at me intently and my obvious anxiety seemed to infect her. "But it's curious, Doctor Westlake. About fifteen minutes ago I saw her running down the stairs with a fur coat thrown over her shoulders. She hurried out the front door, slamming it behind her. I was worried. When she didn't come back, I came out to see whether I could find her. And lying on the front door step here—she paused and looked very ill—was 'Bert on the step here I found this note.'"

I didn't wait for her to hold it out to me. With fingers that were tense I snatched a grab at the little white piece of paper. I could read plainly in the light from the open front door. My first sight at state chimney printed printing confirmed my worst fears.

It was as bad as I had thought. The spidery, illiterate scrawl read: MEET ME IN THE OLD SHACK BY THE QUARRY IN THE WOODS AT 11 AWAY. YOU KNOW IT'S NO USE TRYING ANY FUNNY BUSINESS.

I looked up. Mrs. Hale was staring at me guardedly. "I—I thought it might have been for Karen," she said. "I thought she might have dropped it in her hurry... But I can't see what it means. And where in the hell she said 'Bert'—"

She stopped and turned sharply at the sound of footsteps behind her in the hall. I watched too. In a few seconds the footsteps materialized as Oliver Church and David Rowley.

Those were the car that came roaring up the drive, Martha? began Oliver Church. He stopped when he saw me, his eyes widening. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?" "The taxi driver who attracted the greater part of my attention. He was staring at me with an expression of undisguised astonishment."

"Westlake, what are you doing here? Karen went over to your house, didn't she?" "Karen—what?" I asked. "Didn't she get to you? I gave her your message."

"My message?" "I was still holding the note Mrs. Hale had given me. David Rowley looked at it blankly and then at me. 'The message that—'

man delivered for you with the letter."

"I was beginning to see then. 'He came here about half an hour ago.' Rowley was saying. 'Little nothing way and sort of printed. And he'd finished, he folded it and he looked at me and he smiled and he put his hand on my arm and he said: 'I'll give you a quarter, young lady. If you come down the stairs with me and don't tell a soul at the house where the Rowleys live.'"

So the taxi driver had used me as an excuse to deliver his strange ultimatum to Karen! There was no need to listen any more. I said sharply:

"Any of you know where there's an old shack by a quarry?" "Sure," said Oliver. "It's the old Fallowfield ash-pit up on the mountain a little way in the woods."

Mrs. Hale looked at me distrustfully. Rowley and Church seemed at a complete loss.

"Get flashlights," I said. "We've got to reach that ash-pit right away. This is a matter of life or death."

Rowley's face went gauged. "But what on earth...?" "No time for questions. Get flashlights. And if Hale's around, bring him along, too."

They ran off into the brush, Church stood there stupidly with Mrs. Hale and me.

"What is this, Westlake? Why are you all coming to this ash-pit house with all these crazy theories?" He paused, his dark eyes smoldering into mine. Then he leaned forward and grabbed the end of my hand. As he read it, his expression scarcely changed. He returned it to me.

"This came for Karen?" "I nodded.

"And you... you think there's danger for Karen?" "Plenty of danger," I said grimly.

"I didn't hear the delay. Not that it lasted long. Almost immediately Rowley came running back. He had three flashlights gripped in his hands. Behind him, looking very alert and cuffed and unconcerned, was Francis Hale.

"What is this...? Oh, Doctor Westlake," Hale smiled at me sardonically. "So you're figuring in our lives again, are you?" "Come on," I said.

I started down the steps. The others trooped after me. I called over my shoulder: "You'd better not come, Mrs. Hale. Stay in the house. And see that Mrs. Rowley doesn't know about this. We don't want her worried."

Martha Hale glanced at her husband, then at me, and she moved back to the house. Rowley had distributed the flashlights. But it was Oliver Church who seemed to have taken command.

"Here, this way. Back of the house and right up the mountain."

It was utterly dark except for the three little stars of light from our electric torches. Church was ahead. We followed him cautiously at first and then, caught up in a common mood of anxiety, more and more reck-

lessly.

To Be Continued Next Week.

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Watch These Three Danger Zones of Your Skin!

There are three little areas of skin that you must watch with special care. For they are "danger zones" where blackheads may appear suddenly—where pores tend to become clogged—where little chits themselves into the skin.

What are these "danger zones"? Well, there is zone No. 1: the corners of your eyes, where tired lines and laugh crinkles form so easily. There is zone No. 2: the curve next to your nose, where pores get coarse-looking. And there is zone No. 3: the tiny valleys of your chin where dirt and grease accumulate and sometimes harden into blackheads.

You don't need a lot of different creams and lotions to guard these "3 danger zones." For now there's one cream that serves all the essential needs of your skin. Yes, just one cream!

My 4-Purpose Face Cream does a complete job itself. Not only does it guard the "3 danger zones"—it keeps your skin looking its cleanest, freshest and loveliest at all times. Here's what it does: (1) It thoroughly cleanses the skin. (2) It softens the skin, relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It smooths the skin, prepares it for makeup.

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YOUR DAUGHTER HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW

It is every mother's duty to tell her daughter the physical facts. How much better that she learn them from you, rather than from girls her own age. In feminine hygiene, facts may be distorted, or wholly untrue. As a result, many brides use over-stimulating toilet aids for the douche which can actually burn, wear and even desiccate delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given woman a safe—yet amazingly powerful—liquid for the douche, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Therefore, by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal cleanliness. Yet Zonite is non-toxic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

Give Her This Frankly Written Booklet of Intimate Facts

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JACK INVITED ME TO THAT PARTY NEXT WEEK. BUT I CAN'T GO WITH MY FACE BROKEN OUT.

I'LL BET RESINOL WILL HELP YOU!

AMAZING HOW IT RELIEVES BLOTCHY SKIN, EXTERMINATES CAUSA, I KNOW, FOR I USED IT.

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FAST-TETT! A pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat, talk and laugh with greater security and to avoid the worry and discomfort of slipping and shifting false teeth. Wash your teeth with FAST-TETT before you wear your false teeth. Does not stain. Does not hurt. Does not irritate. Original alkaline FAST-TETT at any drugstore. Accept no substitute.

ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Preparing Wild Game

By MRS. FANNIE E. STAFFORD, New Lebanon, N. Y.

HUSBAND was not a hunter but on one occasion when he brought home a mess of squirrels, I prepared a stew with his assistance that I thought one of the most delicious dishes I had ever tasted. Then, and there, I decided to "size" myself with the preparing and cooking of game whenever possible. I have cooked partridge, pheasant, woodcock, wild-goose, woodchuck, rabbit, raccoon, squirrel, venison and muskrat. The last named, though carefully prepared, did not reach the table as I did not like the taste. I am told that they are known as marsh rabbit and served in the South but my method was not a success.

Birds do not require soaking but are picked clean and the flesh well scrubbed with a brush the same as all poultry. After dressing birds should be washed and then cut into portions, the meat should hang over night in cold water to which a few table-spoons of vinegar have been added. With the darker nested game, the water may be changed a few times.

An easy way to cook birds—one that will make them go farther is a quick fricasse. Split in halves or quarter and then dress well with salt, pepper and flour and brown in butter or good fat in a frying pan. Pour in enough boiling water to nearly cover, add a little more salt and simmer until tender. Thicken the broth, if necessary, and serve with rice and tart jelly.

The camper will serve with this treat some sauce made from cranberries from the bog, or barberries and elderberries from the hedgerow, and water-cress from the brook.

There is no better way to spoil the flavor of game than to overcook it and always remember to serve it hot. White meat game should be cooked until well done; dark meat game rare.

The general method that I find most satisfactory for cooking nearly all wild fowl of the smaller sizes and small game is to dredge well with flour, season with salt and pepper, cook to a golden brown in hot fat and then transfer to a casserole. Nearly cover with hot water, and juices from the frying pan while browning, and cook in casserole until done. The rabbit hunter frequently brings home more game than can be used at one meal and various

tions may be made in the cooking of this meat.

RABBIT SAUSAGE PATTIES
 Soak the dressed rabbit for twelve hours in a quart of water to which 1 tablespoon of salt has been added. Remove the meat from the bones and chop fine. Add—
 1 onion—chopped
 1 cup bread crumbs
 3 tablespoons bacon or sausage fat
 Salt, pepper and poultry seasoning to taste. Mix thoroughly and make into patties. Cook slowly in a covered frying pan—browning on both sides.

My husband's French grandmother had her own special method of preparing—

ROAST RABBIT
 Melted in a baking pan were 4 tablespoons oil and 1 egg of butter (measuring size of an egg) and each serving size piece of rabbit was turned and turned in the melted fat until thoroughly oiled inside and out. The rabbit has no fat and must be well greased to prevent drying out in the oven. Plenty of salt, a good dusting with pepper and then thrust into the oven. Twenty to thirty minutes in a medium oven—turning every few minutes and then a greater heat to brown the meat for ten minutes or more.

Allow more time for a larger rabbit or an older one. There will be no juices from the rabbit for gravy.

VENISON ROAST
 Venison steaks are prepared like beef steaks but are cut much thinner, about 1/2 inch being the rule. Roast venison is prepared according to general directions except that as venison contains no fat, the roast is greatly improved if slices of raw fat salt pork are pinned thickly over the

surface of the roast with tooth picks.

While venison steaks, chops or cutlets and roasts are more highly regarded for food, the other portions of the animal are good eating and highly nutritious. It is a mistaken idea that the meat simply boiled or pot-roasted is not tasty. Some housewives regard the less choice portions as only suitable for mince-meat, but this is an error as it makes excellent hash, meat pies and combines well with other meats.

STEVENED VENISON
 Two-and-one-half pounds venison cut in 2-inch squares. Place the venison in a stone jar and over it turn this marinade made with these ingredients:
 1 large onion sliced
 2 bay thyme
 1 sprig leaves
 12 whole peppers
 A handful of parsley leaves
 A light seasoning of salt and black pepper
 1/2 glass vinegar

Let the venison marinate for 12 hours. Drain it from the juice and place in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter and let brown for ten minutes, stir in 3 table-spoons flour, stirring constantly. Moisten with 2 pints of consommé, beef cubes may be used for this. Let boil, then add 12 small onions, 1 pound salt pork sliced, and one herb bouquet. Cook for about forty minutes.

YELLOW TURNIP STEW
AN OLD-TIME RECIPE FROM HOLLAND

"HAVE a very old recipe, for yellow turnip stew, that originated in my family, three generations back, and was given to my great-grandmother by a Dutch woman," writes Mrs. W. R. Chase, Waverly, Mass. "My mother made it often when I was a child, in the winter, from large smooth yellow turnips. I will write it out as I remember it. Mother used a large iron kettle that set down in the stove.

"This has no set rule, but can be made in any amount needed, and our heavy kettles we use now can be used that have flat bottoms. I would use 1 pound of 'salt pork' to 1 large turnip, cut in thick slices, about a quarter inch thick. Lay in the bottom of the kettle, fry slowly turning them often, until a golden brown, add a little black pepper to flavor, cut slices of turnip in four pieces, add to the meat and fat, add just enough water to cover the turnip, let it cook slowly until meat is tender and turnip well done and almost transparent looking, about two hours or more, if water has boiled away add enough to make a good gravy, thickened with flour mixed with water until all lumps are out."

(Mrs. Chase, this is a fine old-fashioned recipe and it wins a prize—Mary Lee Swann.)

In 1892 Biller's Hotel was opened in New York City with Much Talk About "Bringing the Farm to the City." The Restaurant Was Decorated Like a Farm Kitchen and Farm-Style Meals Were Served.

PORK CHOPS EN CASSEROLE
A STICK-TO-THE-RIBS DISH FOR A BUSY DAY

"I have a recipe, according to necessity, that is very delicious, and saves lots of time on a busy day in the home," writes Mrs. B. Cann, Chicago, Ill. "I created this in a hurry one day and now I always use it.

Take 4 chops, quickly sear in skillet, also 4 onions sliced and crowned in pan. Remove same to casserole dish, add sliced tomatoes, carrots, chopped celery, and parsley. Add a layer of sliced potatoes in casserole. Add a little water, salt, pepper and salt to taste, pour into casserole dish, and simmer for one hour. When 3 parts cooked, open a can of cream of mushroom soup, pour over the ingredients and mix thoroughly. Allow to simmer gently until done."

(Mrs. Cann, your many of our readers who want to extend the flavor of meat to less expensive vegetables. We serve several hundred customers who chop in casseroles, and one thought it an excellent labor and time saving idea. Two of the women suggested that the quantity of onion could be decreased with excellent results in the flavor. This is a matter of taste, however—Mary Lee Swann.)

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IF YOU'RE convalescing after a cold or other illness, trying to get back to your job, you'll certainly be grateful for the tonic power of Scott's Emulsion. This world-known formula is highly recommended by many doctors for invalids and convalescents because it is easy even for the delicate system to digest and contains vital elements that help the body recuperate when weak and rundown.

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Then see the difference! See it help your rough, dry skin become softer, smoother—help little dry lines show less!

3 Special Features! This new cream is so effective because:
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 2. It is HYPO-IRRITANT to help it keep into your dried skin.
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Break Wind! Are they cravens? No! All—breaking is late rough! But this is the surface oil!

Delightfully Softer! Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream daily—use it help your dry skin softer, become actually smoother!

Japan's Black Dragon—OUR TRULY HELLISH ARCH-ENEMY!

BACK in August—startling revelations now disclose—war against the United States was decided upon by Nippon's strange secret society. Headed by a cynical, wholly inhuman 92-year-old man, the sinister organization cunningly spared for time until the first week in December. And that's how Japan—while its puppets lulled America with dreams of peace—prepared the treacherous blow that stunned our nation.

The Inside Story of the Power Behind the Throne in Nippon!

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